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LIFE AND BATTLES OF JACK RANDALL,

DENOMINATED

THE PRIME IRISH LAD,

OTHERWISE

THE NONPAREIL.

From a work published in England in 1818, now first republished in this country in the columns of the NEW YORK CLIPPER.

RANDALL, from his last victory over the cautious, scientific, and game Turner, was fully considered as having worked his way to the top of the tree; and it was also asserted, by many of the most experienced amateurs connected with the patronage of the Prize Ring, that the late phenomenon, Dutch Sam, in the best of his days, must have yielded to the potent arm of the prime Irish lad. It is a positive fact, that Randall never received instructions from any pugilist whatever: and it is owing to his natural mode of fighting that he has gained all his conquests. It is true, that Turner never decidedly took the lead in one round, but he appeared conspicuous in many of them; and while Randall was fibbing his nob, he, in turn, was endeavouring to knock the wind out of his opponent. This latter essential quality to a boxer, was soon found to be defective in Turner. As early as the third round he was piping; which either proved that his condition might have been better, or the tremendous hits of Randall floored condition as well as pluck: but it astonished every one present to see how soon Turner recovered himself upon this spoiling suit, from the advantages of long sparring. Randall was not long in acquiring the appellation of the "prime Irish lad;" but his talents for serving out were so manifest, from his conquests over West Country Dick, Hall, Belasco, and Parish, in the short space of seven months, that he was hailed the Nonpareil; and this last victory fully established his claim to the above title. In short, Randall is nothing but an out-and-outer, and Turner is an out-and-outer too; and, although defeated, he raised himself in the estimation of the sporting World. He is deficient in nothing else as a pugilist, but in being a hard hitter. That is a physical defect, and it cannot be placed to his account as a fault. The judgement of Randall is excellent; there is not a move upon the board but what he is up to; and he opposed the leary Turner with the caution of Wellington, till he come to hard fighting with a certainty. It was singular to view two men standing before each other for so many minutes—watching the turn of each other's eyes, and yet not strike a blow. It is equally singular, that though Turner never bled in all his previous fights, in this battle the claret flowed profusely. The whole records of pugilism cannot produce any thing like the above scientific fight, carried on for such a length of time, with so much consumate skill on both sides, between Turner and Randall. The latter, it cannot be denied, received more punishment than in any of his previous conquests; but he remained strong to the last, and united, like a skilful general, his judgement with his strength. One word more for the brave Turner, by way of conclusion: he observed, "if he lost, that he trusted the amateurs should not have to complain that he had not given them satisfaction." He most assuredly kept his promise.

Crawley Hurst was attended by several distinguished amateurs of rank; indeed, it might be termed a first-rate set-out of Fanciers.

It was said to have been the intention of both the above combatants, on whichever side victory was obtained, to have retired from the ring; and, in consequence, Randall, having made so good a finish, by this victory, it was asserted that he would not fight any more, but meant to serve the public in a more general manner.

The interest excited in the Metropolis on the above night upon this event, to those persons "out of the ring," may appear like a romance. Hundreds were waiting at the turnpike-gates along the road, to learn who had won.

Remnants of the Fight. Daylight on Sunday morning discovered the remains of several gigs lying along the road, which had been floored, from coming in contact with each other from the narrowness and badness of the roads. Beds could not be procured at any of the inns; and in consequence, hundreds were compelled to travel in the dark. The horses were all dead beat; the long faces not to be described; and the cleaning out immense. Near the dwelling of Randall, the Cock, in Tottenham Court Road, hundreds of the sons of Hibernia were waiting for the result of the event; and, upon the arrival of Jack, the applause he received almost rent the air, the noise was so great. The mob round Belcher's door was beyond all precedent. In the Borough Market, Cribb's house was equalled besieged, and those of Harmer, Oliver, and Burns, crowded and surrounded. The sale of newspapers was as great as if some important victory had been achieved on the continent, so much anxiety was expressed on this battle. The first news which arrived in London was, that Turner had gained the day. Numerous bets were made upon the information, and the hoax was not dispelled till ten o'clock at night.

Turner arrived in town on the Sunday night; and, notwithstanding the numerous blows he had received upon his face, it was astonishing to see how quickly the appearance of severity had left it.

Randall, by way of showing his gaiety, set-to at the Three Compasses, in Holborn, on the Monday evening after the fight, for the benefit of Gregson. During the fight, after one hour and a quarter had elapsed, while the combatants were sitting close together, upon the knees of their seconds, Turner said to Randall, "We both can't win it." "No," replied Jack, "but I mean to win it though." The losses on the above fight, in all parts of England, Ireland, and Wales, were immense; but however heavy they might be, we did not hear of any *grumbling* among the amateurs about the conduct of the men.

An Out-and-Outer is Randall's due,
And Turner's an Out-an-Outer too,
Like such trumps there are but few—
T'wards Victory!

In consequence of Marten having defeated Scroggins, after a severe contest of upwards of two hours, Turner, it seems, viewed the Master of the Rolls as a hero worthy of notice, and a challenge to Martin was the result; but, owing to the following unexpected circumstance, it did not take place, and a match was made between Randall and Martin. The latter boxer felt anxious to raise himself in the estimation of the Fancy, and, without any hesitation, he gave the preference to Randall for an opponent; the Nonpareil not being a beaten man.

Sporting Dinner at Franklin's, on Tuesday, December 22, 1818, to celebrate Randall's Victory.—An amateur of distinction presided upon this occasion, and the meeting was most respectably attended. After an excellent dinner had been served up, the cloth removed, and some toasts connected with the Prize Ring had been drank, the chairman, in a manly style of eloquence, expatiated upon the advantages of scientific pugilism, in a national point of view, towards flooring Dandyism, and leveling that sort or effeminacy which was making such rapid progress, at the present period, in degenerating the true character of Englishmen. The advantages of true courage and game, he observed, had been felt in a most important victory upon the continent---a victory which had decided the fate of Europe, overthrown tyranny and oppression, and which, in a principal degree, was owing to the nature, hardihood, and pluck, of Englishmen. To increase the breed---to promote true courage upon all occasions---and to perpetuate the honour of his country, was the only aim of all the admirers of English boxing. The President of the Daffy Club occupied the deputy chair, and contributed much towards the harmony of the evening. Upon discussing the merits of Randall, and Martin, a noble Lord present proposed a match between the above pugilists, which was accepted of by the friends of the latter, subject to the following articles of agreement:—Randall was backed against Martin £150 to 100. To be a fair stand-up fight; half minute time, to take place within 30 miles of London, and upon the last Tuesday in April. Ten pounds aside were deposited; and £75 on the part of Randall, and £50 on the side of Martin, were to be made at Burns's, the Sun, in Windmill Street, Haymarket, on Thursday, the 31st of December, 1818; and the completion of the £250, at Franklin's, on the 31st of March, 1819.—Signed by *Burns* and the party concerned.

Betting immediately commenced with spirit, and £30 to £20 was laid on Randall; but, nevertheless, the Sporting World do not like fighting so much at odds, and assert that it spoils betting, as the stakes laid are 6 to 4. It was almost certain that *Martin* would prove above a stone heavier than Randall on the day of fighting; and it was also thought, by some of the steady ones, that it was giving a chance away.

The prime Irish lad had nothing to do personally in making the match; but the courage of Randall would not let him refuse it, when asked by his Lordship. It was expected to prove a sporting fight, but Martin; it was thought, ought not to be held too cheap. It is true, the Baker was not so good a pugilist as his opponent; but time was allowed him to repair that defect in practice; in other points, Martin had materially the advantage; therefore, upon a calculative view of the subject, the wise ones insisted it was not above 5 to 4. The members of the Rolls fraternity were all upon the alert, in consequence of their hero coming so soon again into play.

Turn-up extraordinary between Randall and Burns.—Some little misunderstanding, it appears, occurred between the above puglisits, concerning the fight between Randall and Martin, when they immediately set-to, although at Franklin's small parlour; and neither of them being *compos mentis*, they agreed to decide it on the spot. Burns had rather the best of the throws; but Randall took the lead in hitting, and mistook his opponent's head for a drum, he beat such a tat-too upon it. It was asserted, that the prime Irish lad could be backed against Burns for £100, in order to fill up his time previous to his fight with Martin.

Upon making the sums of £75 on the part of Randall, and £50 on that of Martin, good at Burns's, the Sun, in Windmill Street, Haymarket, on Thursday, December 31, 1818, the day of fighting was altered to the 4th of May, in order that it might not interfere with the races at Newmarket.

Randall's momentary turn-up with old Brown, during the fight between West Country Dick and Abbot, in Oliver's back long room, in Westminster, on Tuesday evening, March 2, 1819. Randall was the second for Dick, and Brown was officiating as bottle-holder for Abbot. The interest of the battle was suddenly interrupted, in consequence of Randall's asserting that Hopping Ned, in his character of bottle-holder, had behaved unfairly towards West Country Dick. Explanation was usless—words were out of the question—and an immediate appeal to fists was the result. This turn-up lasted for four rounds; and the peculiar *forte* of Randall was never seen in a more striking point of view; in the above short space of time, the nob of his opponent was so changed, that it might have been taken for a terrific likeness of the Saracen's Head. Scroggins good naturedly interfered to prevent Randall from fighting, by which means the arms of the latter were held, when young Brown, the sprig of Myrtle, in the cause of his father, gave the prime Irish lad a rear facer but the young one was floored for his interference.

Foot Race of one hundred yards between Randall and Martin, at Hampstead.—On Thursday, March 4, the above pugilistic heroes, who were engaged to fight on the 4th of May, were matched on a sudden to run the above distance for £5 a side. Martin is well known to possess pedestrian capabilities, and won it in good style, leaving Randall behind him near the distance of seven yards. It was the first time Randall was found in defeat, but then it is thus accounted for—his *fists* had no *hand* in it.

Randall, with much manliness and generosity, went and set-to at the Fives Court, which occurred only a few days previous to the fight between them.

(To be continued.)

The cable stretched across the Ohio at Maysville, at a cost of $1,000, has been found to be worthless.

The English Ring.

From Bell's Life in London.

Fight between Donnelly and Gill for £20 a side.---Mr. Editor: The fight came off this morning, (Thursday,) and we, as the backers of Donnelly, being dissatisfied with the termination, wish your opinion as to whether the proceedings and finish were right or wrong. The facts are these; Donnelly had the best of the fight nearly all through, and received little or no punishment, and, with the exception of a swollen lip, is without mark. Nobby Clarke, one of the seconders of Donnelly, twice threw up the sponge, without reason, or the consent of Donnelly. The second time the sponge was thrown up, Nobby Clarke crossed over to the referee and said that he would give in for Donnelly. Donnelly immediately replied to his other seconder, Jim Clarke, "I will not give over, but fight on," when the other parties left the ring, leaving Donnelly and Jim Clarke in the ring from four to five minutes. The referee, (Charles Jones of Manchester P. R.,) is equally dissatisfied with ourselves. Will you please say in your first paper, with these facts before you, what course ought to be followed? Yours, &c., J. Thompson, for self and other backers. Liverpool, Nov. 10.

P S. There was no appeal to the referee. The fight did not come off on the day appointed, in consequence of the roughness of the weather, the boat being unable to land the passengers, the parties taking a steamer down the channel. [The proceedings stated above appear so extraordinary, that we must suspend our judgment until we hear more of the affair and further particulars of the fight. Ed.]

McDermot and Callagin.---Mr. Editor: I write respecting the fight that should have taken place between Michael McDermot and James Callagin, on the 1st of this month. The men met at the place appointed, but the fight did not come off in consequence of magisterial interference, and both parties have since been bound over to keep the peace. Now it is left entirely in your hand to name the time and place when they must fight, and, by doing so, you will oblige yours, &c., The Stakeholder. [It is necessary that we should know how long they are bound over for. Ed.]

Gillingham and a Novice.---A match has been made between Charles Gillingham and a Novice, (unknown,) who has never fought in the P. R., for £25 a side, on Tuesday, Jan. 10, 1854, to come off in the London district. We have received £5 a side, and £2 10s a side are to be made at Caunt's, Coach and Horses, St. Martin's lane, on Wednesday next. Welsh, of the George, East Harding street, Farringdon Market, is to have the care of the Novice by the desire of the gentleman who backs him.

George Robinson and James Nowlan are matched to fight for £15 a side on Dec. 6, over 30 miles but not above 50 miles from Liverpool and Manchester. We have received £8 from James Searles, and another deposit is to made at Mr. J. Toot's, Houghton Abbey, on Tuesday next.

Joe Smith and John Turner are matched to fight, for £5 a side, on Dec. 6, within 30 miles from London. We have received £5 a side, and another instalment of £1 a side is to be made on Tuesday next, at Joe Rowe's.

Henry Poulson can be backed to fight Harry Orme, Tom Paddock, or any other man except two, viz., Nobby Clarke and the Slasher, for £150 a side, which is all the money his backers can muster, or they would make it for more. To fight in the London district, and the money is ready at Mr. Hibbert's, Mason's Arms, Glasshouse street, Nottingham; or at Ben Caunt's, St. Martin's lane, London.

M'Nulty and Hawkes.—Dan M'Nulty is astonished that Hawkes of Birmingham did not meet him at Mr. Coate's to make a match. In reply to his challenge of last week, he says that if Hawkes really means work, he will fight him for £100 a side, at 8st 12lb, to come off in four months from signing articles.

W. Gill, of Coventry, seeing a challenge in our paper from Hawkes of Birmingham, to fight any man bar Jerry Noon, he will accept it at the weight stated, if Hawkes will make the match for £200 a side, and fight in three months from the time of making the match. If articles and £10 are deposited with us it will be immediately attended to. The match to come off in the London district.

Dennis Horrigan will fight Bowey Taylor at 7st 8lb, for £25 a side; or Joe Rowe's Mouse at his own weight, for the same sum or more, at his own time, or anybody else in the world, bar Spider, at the same weight. Money ready at Mr. J. Welsh's, the George, East Harding street, any time next week.

George Hilder, (alias the Little Wonder,) will fight any 8st man who has not fought for more than £5; or accommodate Enoch Norridge's Novice, for from £10 to £15 a side.

W. Perry says he will be at the Albion Inn, Tipton, on Monday next, with Mon-Beck, the strongest man in the world, and that he, (Perry,) is ready to fight any man in the world for £200 a side.

Trainor and Smith. — Alec. Keene is prepared to back Trainor against Tommy Smith, of Cheltenham, for £50 a side, at 8st 4lb. Trainor's money is ready at any time at Alec Keene's house, the Three Tuns, Moor street, Soho.

Nigger Watson of Birmingham who has been laid upon the shelf through illness, for a length of time, but has now recovered in some degree, took a benefit at Tom Evans's, Cross street, Birmingham, on Monday last, which proved a bumper, most of the principal men in Birmingham setting-to. The wind-up was between Tom Lane and Nigger Watson, who hopes shortly to take the field again.

FIGHT

BETWEEN

BILL HAYES AND JACK JONES

OF PORTSMOUTH,

For £200 a side.

From Bell's Life Nov. 20.

This mill, which, as we stated in our last, has caused an extraordinary degree of excitement in fistic circles for some time past, came off on Tuesday last, in the county of Cambridge, and, although the conclusion arrived at was not as satisfactory as could be desired, seeing that darkness put an end to the encounter before either man was anything like defeated, still, as the proceedings which took place on the following day, and which will be found detailed below, enabled the referee to give a decision which leaves no difficulty as to the disposition of the bets and battle-money, the match, unlike many others in which Hayes has been engaged, did not end in a draw; and as it was the first affair settled by the application of a new law, passed by the Pugilistic Association, the details possess an unusual amount of interest to our pugilistic readers. As we stated in our last, the articles stipulated that the men should be in the ring between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock; and, had they adhered strictly to this, no doubt both parties would have been better satisfied, as something like a tangible opinion might have been formed of their actual merits and demerits. As it was, however, owing to some unaccountable delay on the part of those who chartered the train, a start from London did not take place until half-past eight, although the time appointed was half-past seven. This unjustifiable delay was the cause of other stoppages, as the special engaged for the occasion had to loiter behind the ordinary eight o'clock train instead of preceding it, and at one station had to wait some considerable time while an up train was shunted on to the down line to allow the up express, which was behind time, to take precedence of it. These untoward circumstances, coupled with a dense fog and the consequent slippery greasy state of the rails, made it a quarter to twelve o'clock before we arrived at our destination.

On reaching within a mile of the place appointed by the stakeholder there was another vexation for the *voyageurs*. It was found that two luggage trains had come in contact and torn up the line, so that only one set of rails were available for traffic, and as an up-train was expected, further progress was impossible. A stoppage accordingly took place at a spot formerly much frequented by lovers of a mill; but here the blues were in waiting, and a move across country was unavoidable. After some searching about in the fog, Tom Oliver, assisted by some friendly aborigines, discovered a field, partly in Suffolk, the country "tabooed" by the raw lobsters, and partly in Cambridgeshire; and here, just beyond the reach of these unwelcome gentry, the ring was pitched on the best piece of ground to be discovered; but bad was the best, for it was evidently little better than a quagmire covered with turf. At the suggestion of the inhabitants messages were sent to Hayes and Jones, who remained in the neighborhood of the station, to hasten their preparations, a message which met with an instant response, as both quickly made their appearance, and threw their respective castors into the arena, amidst the vociferous cheering of their respective patrons and friends. Both looked remarkably well. Hayes we never saw looking larger or better; and Jones, although his face was rather more fleshy than when he last fought Donnelly, was still evidently in rude health, and there was the same undaunted expression upon his almost fierce-looking countenance, for which he is so renowned.

Having on many former occasions and once within the present year, entered into accounts of the doings of the heroes of the day, it is unnecessary now to trouble our readers with their entire histories. Suffice it to say that, since January, Hayes has fought two draws with Jack Grant, each battle being put an end to by darkness, and that, within the same period, Jones has twice figured within the ropes and stakes with Ned Donnelly, the first battle, after one of the most fearful struggles on record, being put an end to by darkness, and the second, also after a very gallant mill, terminating in favour of Jones, who in the last round sent Master Ned to *dorse* by a chance hit on the nutcrackers. After this latter encounter Master Jack claimed the title of "Champion of the Light Weights," which title was immediately disputed by Billy Hayes, and a match was made between them; but, on the day appointed for the second deposit, Jones's dibs were not forthcoming. At length, however, the men were brought together, Jones, through the friendly offices of his grace of Bond street, finding backers where he least expected them. They were matched at catch weight, instead of 10st, as erroneously stated in our last; and as there was no absolute necessity for either man to go into severe training to reduce himself, they did not commence their actual hard work until about six weeks back, when Hayes betook himself to Wallingford, and subsequently removed to the Angel at Sutton, where, under the careful supervision of Bob Fuller, he got himself into first-rate fettle. His weight was nearly 10 stone, and although this was considerably above his usual fighting standard, there appeared to be nothing superfluous; his arms, back, and loins appeared much larger than usual, but it was evidently all muscle, and the proper stuff to enable him to stand the wear and tear of an encounter with so daring and reckless an adversary as Jack Jones. Hayes's style of fighting is doubtless well known to our readers. He always fights to win, and although he resorts to the dropping system, which is ugly to look at, still he is far too clever to throw a chance away by falling without a blow, or to avoid being thrown in a close. His resorting to this method of saving himself is in the highest degree excusable, provided it is kept within bounds, by the fact that he has lost one of his peepers. Many persons say that even though this is the case, he ought not to make matches unless he can win without adopting such tactics; but to this Hayes and his backers retort that every one is aware that that is his style of milling, and those who do not like it can leave him alone. That it arises from anything like cowardice or timidity we believe no one ever asserted, as it is universally admitted that Master Billy is as brave a lad as ever doffed a flesh bag.

Of Jack Jones's method of exhibiting the art of self-defence we know not what can be said, for method he has none; he is a dashing, reckless, do-or-die sort of boxer, fearless in his onslaught, but with no sort of precision, and with no apparent previously considered plan of action. So long as he can get "one in" upon his adversary, he seems utterly regardless of what he may receive himself, and this plan may suit very well with such a boxer as Ned Donnelly, who stands flat-footed and hits with him—as with such an adversary, although he may get the lion's share of punishment, still a chance hit may always bring off the affair in his favor. With an opponent like Hayes, such a system, however, is utterly useless, as will be seen by our account below. The reason Jones was backed against him on the present occasion, after being once deeated, was, we believe, an idea that he was not fit in the former battle, and that his blindness arose from his being too fleshy, and from his not being accustomed to Hayes's style of fighting. On the present occasion he, as usual, trained himself, at first at his own residence, the Lord Nelson, Earl-street, Kensington, and subsequently at Hanwell. There are various rumors afloat as to his having paid too much attention to the jolly god during his training, but we are of course unable to verify these rumors. He seemed very fit, and looked as hard as nails. His phisog was, to be sure, a little more fleshy than in his last mill with Donnelly, but, on that occasion, he was, perhaps, rather overtrained. We are informed by Jem Burn that on Monday he weighed 10st. 5lb. If this was the case he must have had a good deal of extra flesh somewhere, seeing that he can with ease fight at 9st. 8lb. Where the super-abundance was we cannot say, it certainly was not apparent outwardly. Having thus prepared such of our readers as are not aware of the different styles of the heroes of our tale, we will resume the thread of our story.

While the sale of the inner ring tickets was going on there was a good deal of betting at evens, Hayes for choice, and an even tenner was laid between the men. Hayes then offered to back himself for an even pony, but met with no takers, and, after a few offers round the ring, he and his adversary, by the advice of their friends, commenced peeling, Hayes having the assistance of Jack Macdonald (a better second than whom does not exist) and Bob Fuller, while Jones was waited upon by Tass Parker and Jack Smith (the Regent street Pet). We may here mention that during this preliminary ceremony, Dan Dismore declared to us that he had not been able to invest some money sent to him by a gentleman in Ireland, to back Hayes, and requested us to notice the declaration in our journal. All being now in readiness, "all out" was the cry of Inspector Adams, and the ring-keepers ejected from the inner ring all such persons as did not possess the requisite privilege tickets.

Amongst the most conspicuous well doers on the occasion, were Tom Paddock, Billy Duncan, Ned Donnelly, Dan Collins, Crockett, Massey, and Johnny Walker, who acted as a deputy for some absentee. It was now 25 minutes past one o'clock, and already many fears were audibly expressed that the battle would not be finished, and in some quarters we heard offers to take 4 to 1 that this was the case. No time was lost in choosing a referee, that functionary being appointed by the articles, and the umpires, two novices at such business, having been selected, time was called, and the men were delivered at the scratch, and commenced

THE FIGHT.

ROUND 1. Both looked bigger than usual, but as to their respective health and fitness there could not be a doubt. Hayes threw himself into his usual cautious attitude, and stood on the defensive, evidently expecting one of Master Jack's precipitate rushes, and indeed, from Jones's look and position, a similar attack was expected by all; but, to every one's great surprise, he made no effort at all beyond grimacing at his opponent. Hayes finding this, stepped in and thought to draw him, but Jones jumped away. Hayes tried a second time with a similar result, and Jones then collecting himself bounded in, but was cleverly avoided by Hayes, who stepped aside. Caution was now again the order of the day for some time, and Jones at length getting tired dashed wildly in, hitting round with both hands, and was easily stopped. Hayes then delivered his left very slightly on the body and jumped away from Jones's return. Jones now once more bored in without any fixed plan, and Hayes met him with a slight tap on the chin from his left. Jones stepped back, put down his hands, and looked at Hayes as fierce as a hyena; but on Hayes approaching him he resumed the offensive. Hayes now feinted, and let go his left on the nozzle, which led to a bustling rally, in which Hayes was at home on Jack's conk and mouth, drawing a scarcely perceptible amount of claret from the latter [first event for Hayes]. Jones retaliated on the ribs, and Hayes dropped laughing.

2. Jones, on coming up, instantly rushed in, but was met by Hayes very cleverly over the left brow and on the mouth, which led to some rapid exchanges—Hayes on Jones's mouth and nose, and Jones on the body, and Hayes got down cleverly.

3. Jones showed a bump on his forehead, over the larboard peeper, and his smeller showed signs of a sharp visitation. He looked unutterable things, and screwed himself up as if for a rush. Hayes, however, made a feint, as if to draw him, on which Jones grinned in derision, and resumed his original position. At length he again bundled in upon Hayes, and after a very slight exchange both slipped down on their south poles.

4. Hayes dodged with his left, and then popped it in on Jones's throat, over his guard, Jones missing his return. Hayes attempted to repeat the dose, but Jones stepped back. Hayes made several other ineffectual attempts, after which Jones let fly his left, catching Hayes on the chest. Jones then rushed in, and some sharp counter hits were exchanged, Hayes getting home effectually on Jones's smeller, removing the bark, and Jones reaching Master Billy's ribs with his right. The smack on Jones's snorter was evidently no joke, and although he grinned, it had clearly found him at home. Hayes again planted his left on the snout, and Jones jumped back to avoid further mischief. A close and some quick in-fighting ensued, Jones getting heavily on to Hayes's left lug with his right, and Hayes reaching his adversary's protruding cheek bones. After a short struggle Hayes threw his man, but not heavily, and fell on him.

5. More cautious sparring; Jones seemed not to know what to be at. At length he let out, but Hayes stepped away laughing; Jones again tried it, and just reached Billy's nut. Hayes returned on the *os frontis*, but beyond increasing the bump did no mischief. Jones again rushed in, and a sharp rally took place, Hayes getting home heavily with both hands on the left cheek and mouth, and Jones on the left listener and ribs, and Hayes in the end got down.

6. Jones grimmaced and contorted himself out with that. Hayes led off, but was neatly stopped, and easily avoided Jones's return. Jones then rattled in recklessly, and let fly left and right in a roundabout way. His right reached Hayes's ear, and Hayes returned on the snuff box and left peeper, which led to some in fighting, a brake away, a close, and a fall, in which Hayes was under.

7. Hayes's larboard listener had assumed a purple hue, but no other damage was perceptible upon him; while Jones's mug was a good deal flushed, and his forehead was swollen, but as yet little claret had been spilled. Jones rushed in, but got a sharp nose-ender for his pains. He missed his own attempt, and, stepping back, lapped out his red rag, a practice we are sorry to see practised by a brave man, as it is generally considered as indicative of a paltroon. More cautious sparring, until Jones again essayed a rush, and sent out his right and left without precision, and was met by Bill Hayes with his left on the forehead. Hayes then led off, and was neatly stopped. In a second attempt he got on to Jack's mouth with his left, Jones missing his return. Jones now again dashed in, and, after receiving two little ones on the mouth and nose, a rally took place, in the course of which Hayes cleverly got down.

8. Jones pointed over Hayes's shoulder, as if endeavoring to throw him off his guard, but, finding it no go, he laughed wildly, and shook his nut. Hayes led off with his left, but missed, and Jones dashed in, but napped it on the right cheek from Hayes's left. His blows fell harmless in the air, and he stepped back, followed by Hayes, who let fly his left, but was short. Jones made no attempt to counter or return. Hayes now just reached Jones's nose, and the latter immediately rushed in, and received a little one on the mouth. A scrambling rally followed, in which Hayes got down.

9. Jones rushed in fearlessly, got a heavy punch straight on the nozzle from Bill's left; and Hayes then, after a feint, let go the same mawley a cross hit on Jack's left peeper; Jones longed out wildly in return, and missed, as did Hayes in a second attempt. After a few mutual lunges and stops, without any harm, Hayes let fly his left short, and was well cross-countered by Jones on the left side of his nut; Hayes then retaliated on the right cheek, which caused Jones to rush in and receive a one, two on the snorter and left cheek. A few good rattling exchanges followed, Hayes on the nose and forehead, Jones on the ribs, and Hayes got down.

10. Jones looked as savage as a wild Indian, and dashed wildly in, but got in heavily on the nose and mouth. He just reached Hayes's body, and Hayes dropped laughing.

11. Jones led off, but was woefully short. Hayes cleverly countered him on the left brow, but the blow lacked steam. Hayes now led off, got home twice in succession on the left cheek, but not heavily; still the continued taps in the same neighborhood were evidently telling their tale on Jones's phiz, Hayes tried to repeat the dose, but twice fell short, and Jones then tried his usual "unjudgmatical" onslaught, which was ineffectual, and only brought him a gentle tap on the snorter. He gave Hayes a little one on the left shoulder, and Hayes dropped.

12. Hayes attempted to open the ball, but Jones declined being his partner, and stepped away. Hayes repeated his invitation, but Jones was too leary. Jones at length got over his coyness, and rushed in, when Hayes propped him with severity on the tip of his snout. This led to some trifling exchanges, and Hayes finished the round by falling on his latter end.

13. Jones rushed in left and right, and some sharp exchanges took place. Jones got on to Hayes's conk heavily, and Hayes returned on the cheek and nose very heavily, and in the end Hayes got down to avoid.

14. Jones came up with the ruby slowly distilling from his smeller. He stepped back to collect himself, and then bounded in like a tiger. Hayes waited for him, and caught him again heavily on the conk as he came in, increasing the stream. Hayes then led off left and right on the same spot without a return. Jones grinned, and again dashed in, catching Hayes on the ribs, and cleverly got away from the return. He tried to repeat this, but was unsuccessful, as he napped a nasty one on the top of his snout. Again he rushed in, but Hayes punched him left and right on the cheek and listener heavily, and on Jones attempting a close, Hayes got down.

15. Hayes led off left and right, and was well stopped; this induced Jones to rush in, when Hayes pegged away on his nose and cheeks without a return, until Jones just reached the side of his nut with his right, and Hayes instantly fell.

16. Hayes led off with his left, but was short, and Jones dashed out his right, which only just touched Billy's nozzle. Hayes then stepped back, and after one or two feints succeeded in dropping his larboard fin on Jones's conk. Jones in return lunged out with his right in a roundabout style, and, of course, missed; he then bundled in at random, and a heavy rally took place in favor of Hayes. Jones, however, just touched him over the right, or seeing ogle, which raised the hopes of the Jonesites, but the blow was harmless. In the end Hayes got down.

17. Jones no sooner up than at it. He went in boldly, but was met on the sinister peeper and the mazzard, which brought on a rally; Jones received on the left cheek and brow, and then closing, Hayes slipped down. One hour had now elapsed.

18. Hayes led off, and just reached Jones's snout; Jones attempted his rush, but finding Hayes prepared, stopped short; Hayes seeing this, feinted, and then dashed out his left on Jones's right cheek, and stopped Jack's return. Hayes then feinted, and as Jones came in caught him a flush hit on the nose, on which Jones closed, and Hayes immediately sought mother earth.

19. Jones rattled in, but only received a reminder on his chops for his pains. He instantly closed, on which Hayes slipped through his arms and got down.

20. Jones took the initiative with one of his determined rushes, and was met twice, left and right, on the ogles and smeller; but all the blows wanted more elbow grease. Hayes then let go his left twice in succession, but the blows were short; Jones then bundled in helter-skelter, but his only reward was a couple of props on the smeller and left cheek, his own hits passing over Master Bill's nut. Again did he go in, but only to be met on the side of the head and right cheek. He then closed, and Hayes got down, Jones just missing a tremendous upper-cut.

21. Hayes, first to do business, led off with his left, slightly reaching Jones's right cheek, who missed his return, and Hayes again let go his left, but Jones stepped away. Jones then came in his usual fearnought style but only got a slight reminder on the cheek-bone for his pains. He made another determined onslaught, but Hayes ducked his knowledge-box, and then recovering himself, sent out his left on the right cheek, and on Jones repeating his rush got down.

22. Jones, after much cautious sparring, dashed wildly in, lunging out some heavy roundhand hits, which did not reach their destination. He tried it again, when some rapid exchanges took place, Hayes again getting well on to his opponent's conk, and, after receiving a slight body blow, going to grass.

23. Jones without much ado resumed his usual tactics, but Hayes caught him heavily with his right on the jaw, and knocked him down. [First knock down blow for Hayes.]

24. Jones seemed angry at the result of the last round, and run at his man like a bull at a gate; Hayes in stepping back to avoid slipped down.

25. Hayes made a commencement by leading off left and right on the ear and right cheek, getting away from Jones's return; Jones followed him up, and a merry rally ensued, in which Hayes had all the best of the hitting, and in the end dropped.

26. Jones took the initiative, let go both hands, and missed. Caution was now the order of the day, until Hayes, dashed out his left at the body and was

short; Jones then again led off, and was met heavily on the larboard optic. He persevered, and at length made his right on the throat, and Hayes got down.

27. Hayes made a commencement by dashing out his left, which just reached Jones's cheek. He then made the same mawley tell on Jones's nutcrackers, but not with any effect. This led Jones to come in wildly, when Hayes met him with a heavy blow over the right brow. Jones, nothing daunted, again came in, and again caught it on the cheek. He attempted to close, and Hayes quickly went to grass.

28. Jones bored in, and a sharp bustling rally took place, in which a good many hits were exchanged, but the effects were scarcely perceptible, and in the end Hayes dropped.

29. Hayes went at once to his man, and some slight exchanges took place, but no damage was done. Jones then rushed to his man, let go both hands, and missed, whereupon Hayes popped in both mawleys on the cheek and brow, and, on Jones attempting to close, got down.

30. Hayes opened the pleadings, by putting in a little one on the conk, and getting cleverly away; he repeated the dose, and avoided the return. Jones tried to administer an upper-cut, but was out of distance; he then rushed in, and Hayes met him left and right on the cheeks, and got cleverly down.

31. Hayes led off with his left on the dexter peeper heavily, and Jones again missed his return; he persevered, however, and got a tap on the chest for his pains. Hayes then dashed out his left at the mouth, but the blow fell harmless on Jones's bread basket. He tried twice again with the same mawley, with similar effect, and Jones then went in boldly, but received a rattler on the snout, drawing more carmine. He was not to be stalked off, but came in again with determination, and again got it severely on both cheeks, and on still persevering Hayes slipped down.

32. Jones rushed in, but only got it left and right on the nose and cheek twice in succession; he then just touched Bill's chest, and the latter fell.

33 and 34. Precisely similar to the last.

35. Jones, as usual, bored in, and Hayes met him straight on the dexter peeper and throttle. Jones made his right heavily on the body, and then rushed to a close, when, after a short struggle, Hayes forced him down.

36. Jones again commenced business with a determined dash, but was again received with a pop on the right ogle and another on the left cheek; he just reached Bill's left ogfe, and the latter was down.

37. Jones to his man like a Trojan, and a sharp rally took place, in which Jones hit quickest, and his blows being in the frontispiece told with most effect; but considering the time they had been fighting, but little damage was perceptible. The rally ended, as usual, by Hayes going to grass.

38. Hayes led off, and got well home on Jack's left cheek and left ogle; Jones returned slightly on the ribs, and Bill got down.

39. Jones bored in, but Hayes was busy with both hands on his mug and the top of his nut. Jones still persevered, until Hayes got down to avoid.

40. Jones's mug, on coming up, was all shapes; he grinned like a Cheshire cat, and after a little sparring rushed at his man, who, after slight exchanges, fell.

41. Hayes went in and hit away merrily, but without much force, about half a dozen blows in succession without a return. At last Jones got home slightly on the mug, and Hayes fell, Jones just missing a tremendous upper-cut.

42. Jones, in his determined style, bored in, caught Hayes on the neck, received a little one on the brow in return, and Hayes dropped.

43. Hayes led off with a left-handed spank on the nose, which caused Jones to come in wildly, and some sharp exchanges took place in favor of Hayes, who, however, got down on receiving a sharp one on the ribs.

44. Some cautious sparring at a respectful distance, until Jones went in at random open-armed. Hayes then let fly left and right, the latter getting heavily home on Jack's left peeper. Jones again dashed in, and caught Hayes on the breadbasket, but received another visitation on the right cheek. Nothing daunted, however, he came again and again, occasionally getting one in on the body, but receiving continued taps on the cheek bones and brows. He now got in a heavy spank on Bill's mouth, from which he drew the carmine, and Hayes instantly got down, amidst the vociferous cheers of the Jonesites.

45. Jones, thinking the game was his own, went in in earnest, and some good exchanges took place, which, however, were in favor of Hayes, whose precision was the theme of general admiration, although the slight impression he made caused some surprise. He punched Jones on the jaw and both cheek bones every time he came in, and at length, on Jones attempting to close, got down.

46. Jones, by a desperate attempt, succeeded in planting his left on Billy's nose. Hayes in return, caught him heavily on the right cheek, and as Jones rushed in a second time dropped.

47 to 49. In each of these rounds Jones made more desperate onslaughts, but was easily avoided by Hayes, who punched him every time, and ended every round by falling.

50. Jones, as usual, went to work left and right, in a round handed style, but was stopped, and propped on the cheek. He then desisted from this game, and Hayes tried his hand at leading off, and Jones got away, but instantly returned to the charge, and was met on the old spots. He tried an upper-cut, and Hayes, in trying to avoid it fell.

51. Jones, as usual, on going at his man, got pepper behind his left lug, and on his right cheek. He caught Hayes on the ribs with his right, and Hayes retaliated on the right peeper with his left. Jones, went at it again, and napped another little one on the proboscis. Still did the gallant fellow persevere, but Hayes was busy with both hands on the cheek and brow, until on Jones attempting to close, he again sought the turf—if turf it could be called, seeing that the ring bore much more the appearance of a mud-bath.

52. Hayes led off, but Jones got cleverly out of reach, and then, making up his mind, lunged out his right at the ribs, but was short. Hayes then let go his left, and was neatly stopped. Jones planted his left on the mouth, was countered by Billy on the right cheek, and Hayes again down.

53. Jones wildly went to work, and, as usual, got nailed on the dial for his pains. He tried it again twice in succession, but was out of distance. Hayes then feinted with his left, and popped in the same hand twice on Jack's mug, and got away. Jones, annoyed, dashed at him, but was met on the throat, and Hayes, on receiving a slight touch on the shoulder, fell.

54. Jones opened the case, by a round-hand lunge with his right at the ribs, which was out of distance. He made a second attempt, which was more unsuccessful, seeing that, in addition to a miss, he got one for his nob from Hayes on the right cheek, and another on the smelling bottle. The blows, however, wanted steam, and did but little damage, Hayes now let go his left, and was stopped, and Jones then again came in for two severe props, one on the smeller, and the other on the mouth, after which Hayes slipped down, Jones again just missing a sharp upper cut.

55 to 58. In all of these rounds there was no variation. Darkness was gradually coming on, and it was perceptible to all that unless some decided change took place the fight would not be finished. Jones continued his rushes without any sort of scheme, and was propped over and over again, and, although the blows of Hayes separately made no very decided impression, still it was obvious that their constant repetition must in the end blind his adversary, unless, by a chance hit, he got on to Hayes's good peeper. Hayes got down in each round to avoid.

59. Jones let fly his right at the ribs, but got a reminder on the right cheek for his pains. Hayes then feinted, and popped in his left twice in succession very prettily on the nose and chin without a return. Jones wildly dashed out both hands and missed, and Hayes then easily stopped him in another attempt. Hayes now again sent in his left on the right cheek, and then a one, two on both cheeks, which led to slight exchanges, and Hayes dropped.

60. In this round Hayes, after one or two little pops on Jones's cheeks, and receiving a topper on his forehead, got down.

61. Jones in his wild onslaught just reached Billy's forehead, and Hayes returned on the cheek; Hayes then led off with his left on the throat, which caused Jones to make several futile attempts to get home. All his efforts were set aside by Hayes, who continually got home on his cheek bones and brows. Jones now and again reached Billy's ribs and mouth, but the damage he effected was scarcely perceptible. Hayes now feinted, and again planted his left twice in succession on the nose and cheek. A second attempt did not succeed, Jones being on the *qui vive*, and getting away. Jones instantly returned to the attack, and Hayes in getting away, fell.

62. Jones rushed to a close, and after a short struggle, both were down.

63. Jones dashed in, caught Billy round the neck, and punched him on the left cheek, when Hayes got down.—[Cheers from the Jones party.]

64. Hayes led off slightly on the nose with his left, whereupon Jones came in wildly, and got in on the mouth. He tried again with his right at the ribs, but was out of distance. Hayes then went to him, feinted, and got home his left on the right cheek; Jones dashed out his right in return, but was out of distance. He bored in and caught it heavily on the nose, and, on making a second rush at Hayes, the latter got away, and Jones slipped down.

65. Night was now fast closing in, and still the termination seemed as far off as ever. Jones's right peeper was fast closing, and his left was in mourning, but it was evident that some time must elapse before he could be finally reduced to darkness. He rattled in furiously, but was easily stopped. He tried again, and Hayes pegged away at his mug left and right, near the ropes, until Hayes slipped and fell.

66. Jones got home on Billy's left ear slightly, received a one, two on the cheeks, and Hayes got down.

67 and 68. No damage in either of these rounds, Hayes getting down after a few harmless exchanges.

69. Jones lunged out with his right at the ribs, but missed; he tried again, but Hayes stepped away. Cautious sparring followed, until Jones again dashed in, and received a gentle tap on each cheek. He came again, got a small nose-ender, and each fell backwards on his nether end.

70. Jones rushed to a close, and Hayes slipped down.

71. Jones led off with his left at Billy's good peeper, but it did not get home. Three hours had elapsed, and it was almost dark. Jones made another dash at his man, and caught him on the side of his nut with his right, when Hayes got down.

Jones rushed in, when Hayes caught him on the right cheek, and Jones, in getting away, fell.

On coming up for the 73d round it was so dark that the umpires could scarcely see the watch, and they accordingly agreed to stop the fight if it was not concluded in ten minutes. Of this they gave the men notice; and as Hayes did not choose to go in on the chance of getting a slinging hit—and Jones was unwilling unnecessarily to receive further punishment, they stood a few minutes looking at each other from a respectful distance, and at length the referee rose and declared the battle at an end for that day, after a contest of three hours and three minutes, and the men shook hands and left the ring. This functionary was then appealed to by a backer of Hayes to name the next day for a second meeting, on the same spot. This he declined to do, as he knew it would be impossible for the fight to come off, as the authorities would by that time be on the alert. While stating this, Mr. Delahay, the ostensible backer of Jones, came up and demanded that further hostilities should be suspended until the men had recovered from the effects of the encounter. The referee, however, bearing in mind a rule of the Pugilistic Association, passed in April last, by which it was decreed that all bets should stand if the fights were decided between Sunday and Sunday, deemed it is duty to name the following day for a second meeting, and named the marshes just below Tibury Fort as the place of meeting. He named the next day, as he considered that if there was more than one day's delay the men would be stiff and incapable of renewing the contest with vigor. Mr. Delahay, on hearing this decision became exceedingly irritable, and made use of language with respect to the backer of Hayes and the referee which was wholly unjustifiable, and respecting which, had he not subsequently tenered an apology, we should have considered it our duty to make some severe remarks, but as he has declared that he meant no offence, we are content to let it pass. All parties now left the ground, and repaired to the train: and here Mr. Delahay was again sent for by the referee, and informed him that his man must be at the place appointed between twelve and one on the following day, or forfeit the battle money. Mr. Delahay said he would not take any notice of the intimation, but on the referee calling several gentlemen in the same carriage with him to witness that he had given the proper intimation, Mr. Delahay mumbled his compliance and went his way. Dan Dismore, on the part of Hayes, was then made acquainted with the fixture, and all parties took their seats in the train, which in due time got under way, but did not reach London until long after nine o'clock. The rule to which we alluded, which was passed the last week in April, at a general meeting of the Association at Saville House, purposely to prevent the constant recurrence of drawn fights, which were generally protracted until dark, in order to save bets, runs as follows:—"In case of a fight taking place and not being finished on the day—all bets instead of being drawn shall be put together and divided, *unless another meeting is appointed* during the same week, when the bets shall stand and be *decided by the event*.

The meeting took place not very long after the second draw between Hayes and Grant, and that encounter was the main cause of the rule being made. Many members of the Association were present and the rule appeared to give general satisfaction, it being admitted on all hands that it was as fair for one as another, and that if one man was so far beaten in a fight as to render his defeat merely a question of time, it was surely but fair that the next day should be appointed for a renewal of the combat, instead of allowing sufficient time to elapse for him to recover himself and thus give him a double chance of saving his money, and enable his friends to get out of the bets they had made. The rule was published in our paper at the time, and was generally known. The decision of the referee, we understand, has given great umbrage to some of Jones's friends, but these persons must recollect that it is the fortune of war, and, that if laws are made for a particular purpose, there is no chance of their being of any avail unless they are put in force at once. This was the first occasion on which there was any necessity for the law in question being applied, and there can be no doubt in the minds of any true sportsman that it was properly applied.

THE MEETING ON WEDNESDAY.—NON-APPEARANCE OF JONES.

On Wednesday morning Hayes and his friends, accompanied by Tom Oliver and his assistants and the ring keepers, betook themselves to the marshes at Tilbury, and there a capital ring was formed close to the spot where Jones and Donnelly first met. At 12 o'clock or soon after the referee and several patrons of the sport appeared on the ground, and it being ascertained that Jones had not come down by the ten o'clock train from London Bridge, and, consequently, could not be on the ground until half-past one o'clock, as no train would arrive until past one at Gravesend, Hayes and his backers at once said they were anxious for a fight, and would willingly give him one hour beyond the time fixed by the referee, but they intimated that if he was not on the ground by two o'clock they would claim the battle money. Time passed on, and at length Sayers and several other persons, who had come to Gravesend by the train which arrived at twenty minutes past one, made their appearance on the ground, and announced that Jones had not come by that train. It was still thought that Jones might come by a boat which had been engaged by Keefe and Tyler, who it was understood were coming to the same spot, and all was impatience until that vessel dropped anchor close to the appointed place. It was soon ascertained that Jones was not on board, and it being now past two o'clock Hayes entered the ring, and there being of course no Jones, claimed the battle-money, to which the referee declared him to be justly entitled, and he was, therefore, hailed as the winner. We need hardly add that all bets must in accordance with the new rule, be paid to the backers of Hayes.

Since writing the above, Mr. Delahay and Mr. Leger, two backers of Jones, have served us with notice not to part with the stakes, and have intimated their intention of spending £1000 to try and get their money back. Of course, this notice will meet with the usual fate of such proceedings. We shall take a guarantee against consequences from the backers of Hayes, and pay over the money. The action, if it succeed, will only bring back the sum of £200, and will not affect bets, which, we repeat, must be paid. The ground of objection to the stakes being given up is, that Jones was blind, and, as a proof of this, a surgeon's certificate has been forwarded to us. We have, however, ascertained beyond a doubt that Jones could see perfectly with one eye, and partially with the other on Wednesday morning, and this he has admitted himself, as has also Jem Burn. Jones himself admits that he was serving in his bar at night on reaching home, and did not go to bed until near 12. Our readers will therefore agree with us there could not have been much the matter with him, and, as the surgeon's certificate asserts that, beyond his alleged blindness, he was sound in wind and limb, we can see no ground for his non-appearance. On Wednesday he states that Mr. Delahey did not let him know he was to go down the river until he was in bed at 12 o'clock, and that then he intimated his readiness to go. We ask why was he kept in ignorance? Again, he was at Jem Burn's before 10 o'clock on Wednesday morning, and willing to go anywhere and fight, but was prevented by Mr. Delahoy. It is perfectly clear, therefore, that the man was fit and anxious to fight, and that his backers are alone to blame in the matter. Why the referee's decision should be impugned we are at a loss to conceive.—One thing is certain, right or wrong, it is final, and cannot be retracted.

REMARKS.

Our remarks on this mill must be brief; and, indeed, the whole affair has been so minutely entered into above, that any lengthened observations would be absurd. Jones disappointed his friends and the spectators by his method of fighting; there was not the same daring fearlessness in his onslaughts which he had exhibited on former occasions, but it must be remembered he was opposed to a much cleverer tactician than Donnelly, and any rashness on his part would infallibly have been severely punished. There was, however, a want of purpose in some of his rushes which would lead one to suppose he had forgotten what little he did know of the art of self-defence, and the chances he threw away were astonishing. Hayes pursued his usual cautious style, and, although he never made any astonishing hits, such as were administered by Donnelly, still, whenever an opening occurred, he was always "there or thereabouts;" and, as constant dripping wears a hole in a stone, so his continual taps would assuredly, although, perhaps, after a considerable lapse of time, have reduced his opponent to a state of darkness, and, barring an accidental long-shot, victory must in the end have declared for him. It was not what is generally termed a good fight, and the unusual termination did not tend in any way to render it more attractive to the lovers of a mill. In conclusion, we can only repeat our hope expressed at the beginning of this account—that, in future, when a time is appointed in the articles for a man to be in the ring, their backers, or those who have the management of them, will take care that such arrangements are made as to secure their being at the spot at that time, or within a few minutes thereof. The battle money is to be given to Hayes, at Dan Dismore's, King's Arms, Smart's building's, Holborn, to-morrow evening.

THE CALIFORNIA RING.

A Prize Fight by Moonlight.

COMBATANTS, MIKE CORRIGAN AND JOHNNY CONY—STAKE $1,000.

Monday was a gala day for the sporting class, there being a prize fight to come off between two celebrated novices in the pugilistic art, in order to determine which was the better man. The chosen ground for the display of the manly art was Mare Island, about twenty five miles up the Bay. The steamer West Point was chartered for the occasion by the party winning choice of ground, and at half past eleven o'clock she left the pier with about one hundred persons on board. The day promised to be a very unpropitious one, a thick Scotch mist falling until the hour of starting. Drummers and fifers had been engaged for the occasion, but even this entertainment failed to induce a greater number of passengers. At the above hour, both the combatants, Mike Corrigan and Johnny Cony, came on board, and the steamer was got under way. The steamboat reached the appointed ground at about five o'clock, when the crowd quickly sped to the ring, already erected, and, although the sun had gone down, it was demanded by the eager crowd that the men should fight by the clear moon light; there being no objection raised by the parties most interested, the preliminaries were arranged, and everything was got ready.

The choice of position and of corners was waived by both parties, and as they had entered the ring so were they allowed to continue in their respective corners.

Corrigan was seconded by George Parkinson and Jim Stewart, Cony by Jim Turner and Dave Roberts. Billy Mulligan was chosen time keeper and referee.

Both men declaring themselves ready, their seconds prepared them for the fight. Corrigan was the taller, standing some five feet eleven inches, and his weight was 170 pounds. Cony stood five feet eight inches, and weighed 166 1-2 pounds. The former seemed somewhat lean and gaunt, the latter stripped in fine condition, and looked the winner two to one.

THE FIGHT.

At the call, both men came up to the scratch, shook hands, retired to their respective corners, and waited for the word to begin the mill.

Round 1st—Both came lively to the scratch, and went heartily to work. Terible punishment was given and received. A clinch, and Cony down heavily.

2d—Cony first to the mill; heavy counter blows; Corrigan punished sharply in the body. A clinch and sharp fibbing by Cony; Corrigan down.

3d—A long and well fought round. Heavy hitting by Cony on Corrigan's face. A rally, both at the ropes, and Corrigan thrown. Bets of $100 to $50 offered on Cony, but no takers.

4th—Corrigan came up weak on his legs; Cony had it all his own way, hitting Corrigan heavily on the face and neck. A clinch, and Corrigan down.

5th—Both came up shy. Slight exchanges, Cony evidently getting away from Corrigan's left which now began to tell terrible. A sharp rally and Cony down; Corrigan on him.

6th—Hard fighting. Both quick at the ropes in a severe struggle; Cony thrown.

7th—Both offish. A heavy blow from Corrigan on Cony's nasal organ; Cony tried to escape punishment, but was caught at the ropes, and received awful blows in the face. Cry of foul raised by Cony's friends, who claimed that he had been choked while on the ropes; not allowed.

8th—Corrigan quick to the scratch; Cony slow and groggy; a long pause: slight counters; heavy neck blow by Corrigan: a clinch at the ropes, and Cony down.

9th—Cony last to the scratch, and watchful of Mike's left; Corrigan gathering strength and courage, Mike eager and Cony shy; sharp fighting—Cony down. Foul claimed for Cony, as it was claimed that he was hit while falling—not allowed. Bets offered $100 to $30 on Corrigan.

10th—A quick and sharp round; Cony down from a heavy facer.

11th—Hard fighting; and Cony down. Foul claimed for Cony; not given.

12th—Quick to time and soon to work; a rally, both at the ropes; in the scuffle Cony down in his own corner.

13th—Mike's left telling with fearful force upon Cony's face; Cony weak and hitting blind; finally felled in his own corner.

14th—Cony slow to time. Mike sent a terrible left-hander on Cony's mouth, which felled him like an ox.

15th—Corrigan first to the scratch; heavy counter hitting. Cony got in an awful blow under Mike's ear, and sent him reeling to the earth.

16th—Corrigan quick to the call; Cony game and ready at his work. Mike put in three stunning cracks on Cony's nose and chin, flooring him in his corner. Foul claimed for Cony. Overruled.

17th—A short round without hitting; a clinch and scuffle to the ropes; both down, Cony under.

18th—Both at the scratch at the call; Mike seeming to grow fresher, while Cony showed heavy punishment and gave tokens of weakness. Bets were offered, without takers, of $100 to $20 that Mike would win the fight. Cony shy and retreating, Corrigan following him to his corner; after two blows from Corrigan, Cony went down. Mike claimed that he slipped down without a blow. Mulligan decided that he had not.

19th—Corrigan nimbly to the score; Cony slowly and groggy; a fierce exchange Mike having the best of it, his left telling awfully on Cony's face; Cony down from a stinging hit on the nose.

20th—a short round; Corrigan doing all the work; Cony flinging his arms in every direction, and finally falling limpsy. Foul claimed by Corrigan, and overruled.

21st—Cony late to time and very faint, Corrigan fresh and vigorous. Mike's left again in play, telling wofully on Cony's mug and neck; a clinch, and both down, Cony on top. Shouts from Cony's corner.

22d—Both well up to the call. Ineffectual sparring; a rally to the ropes. Here Corrigan turned Cony, and administered some stunning blows; the hitting in Mike's favor, but in the scuffle he was thrown. Cheers for Cony, but no takers to the bets offered by Corrigan's backers.

23d—Cony quick to time, but showing signs of Corrigan's stinging left-handers. Corrigan led off with his right on Cony's body, and followed up with his left on his mouth, which now protruded beyond his nose. Cony retreated to the ropes, with Corrigan close following. A clinch, and Cony down. Cries of foul, by both parties.

24th—The fighting in this round was all by Mike, who dealt terrible hits with his never failing left hand. Cony down like a log.

25th—No sooner had they come to the score than Mike commenced sharp play with his left, and Cony again went sprawling on the ground.

26th—Cony showed fear of his opponent, and kept off, but Mike forced him to a clinch, in which Cony went down in his own corner. Jo. Winrow here hallooed to Corrigan to fight Cony all around the ring, and never let up on him till he had him whippped.

27th—Corrigan commenced the work with terrible blows on the chin and nose. Cony retreated, and was finally knocked down by a heavy neck blow. His seconds claimed foul, but it was not given.

28th—Cony now came up to the score with great reluctance, his face presenting a very damaged appearance, and his confidence gone entirely; his opponent dealt him four or five sharp hits directly on his forehead and nose, at which he turned to run to his corner, but was floored instanter by a powerful blow on the back. Cheers for Mike.

29th—Cony four seconds after time was called in getting to the scratch; he attempted to get away, but Mike followed him too close; a sharp hit sent him on his knees, and he fell heavily, flat on the ground, before his seconds could reach him. Shouts for Mike.

30th—Mulligan here informed Cony's seconds that if they were again late to the call, he would give the fight against them. Cony led off awkwardly with his right, which was stopped by Mike, and a stunning series of left handers sent Cony again flat upon the turf.

31st—Cony led up by his seconds slow and faint. Mike was as fresh as a four year old, and immediately commenced his hard hitting; a clinch; fibbing by Mike, having got Cony in chancery, and punished him until he went down like a wet rag.

32d—Mike now came nimbly to work, conscious of gaining the victory. Cony was again behind time but it was let pass. Mike's left again told on his nose and mouth and down he went in his own corner.

33d—Cony a little late to the call, and commenced a retreat to his own corner, where Mike closely followed him. A clinch and both down, Cony on top. Faint cheers from Cony's corner. Bets offered at any odds on Corrigan, but no takers found.

34th—Cony tried hard to follow up the momentary advantage he had gained in the last round, but the hard fighting of Mike soon forced him to retreat again to his own corner. He turned to escape the attack, and was caught by a side blow on the neck, which felled him. Loud cheers from Mike's corner.

35th—Cony again behind time, and staggering. His eyes were almost eclipsed and scarcely a feature remained. He struck wildly for his man, and received a stinger on the cheek, which sent him to the ground between his seconds. Corrigan walked nimbly to his corner.

36th—Corrigan walked boldly on the mark, and waited for Cony, who was almost dragged up by his seconds. Mike seemed to have pity on his opponent, and did not strike. Cony appeared blinded and went feeling for his man. Mike was here told to make short work of it by his seconds, and gave two blows with his left which knocked Cony stiff in his own corner.

37th—Time was called, when Cony's seconds announced that their man could fight no more. Loud and deafening shouts were given for Corrigan, and a stampede was made from the ground.

The fight lasted one hour and fifty minutes. Both men fought well, and it was weight and height, rather than superior skill or power of endurance, that caused Corrigan to win the fight. The crowd was composed almost entirely of sporting men and shoulder strikers, yet they preserved very good order during the whole affair.

Johnny Walker.

This celebrated pugilist, who lately arrived in London from this country, is about to make a match, as the following card will show. We copy from Bell's Life of the 20th November:

Johnny Walker wishes us to state that he will fight Jones of Portsmouth for £200 or £300 a side, at catch weight, or, if Jones prefers it, he will fight for love. Walker adds, that he hopes it will be understood there is no gag in what he says; he means fighting, and nothing else. His money is always ready as Jemmy Shaw's, Queen's Head, Crown court, Windmill street, Haymarket.

Two new shoulder-hitters.

We see by the evidence in the Bennett trial that a pugilistic set-to took place at the Astor Place Opera House some time since, between Ed. Fry and Sisto Benedetti, two pugilists attached at that time to the Italian Opera. We were not able to obtain full particulars of the match, but understand that Fry "went in" with a "perfect looseness," and "came out" without the least difficulty. These new candidates for pugilistic honors promise to make themselves felt in the sporting world. A match can be made with either of the above, by leaving a deposit with us.

Another accession to our Ranks.

Lawyer Brady, one of the most talented gentlemen connected with the New York Bar, has publicly announced himself as being a sporting man. He will prove a valuable acquisition to the 'Magic Circle."

Extraordinary Wrestling Match at Brooklyn.

Molineux and Coit.

BEST THREE OUT OF FIVE BACK FALLS.

TUESDAY, Dec. 6.

The fancy of our sister city has been for some time past in quite an excitement in reference to a Wrestling Match to come off between two celebrated wrestlers, one rejoicing in the cognomen of Molineux (alias Aaron Hewlett) a colored man, and the other a descendant of the Red-men, a perfect engine, as it subsequently appeared. Molineux is quite a celebrated pugilist, having set to on several occasions in New York some years since, and had a very respectable "bout" with Dublin Tricks (alias Wm. Hastings, the conqueror of Orville Gardiner) on his first appearance in this city. He then displayed extraordinary agility and strength, and was reputed and justly so, as being a man of extraordinary skill, not only as a boxer but a wrestler. The other, Cæsar Coit, is quite an amiable sort of man, strongly tinctured with the peculiar characteristics and traits of the Indian race, a most capital groom and trainer of horses, and might have descended to the grave unhonored and unsung but for an extraordinary display of courage, strength, and endurance, evinced by him some six months since, on the occasion of rescuing a white boy from almost certain death.

The boy had been attacked in Carlton Avenue, Brooklyn, by several persons to whom he had given some offence and, as they were beating him, this Cæsar, a worthy type of his great projenitor, interfered to save him, when he was attacked by some dozen infuriated men. Although but five feet two, in height, he succeeded in fighting his way out, inflicting some terrible cuts upon his adversaries. In the scuffle, they endeavored to get him down, but never moved him from his feet; had they thrown him he would have been murdered. A female, seeing the struggle, generously opened the door of her house, into which this generous colored man was obliged to fly for his life; the writer of this saw him an hour after the occurance and he was wounded but slightly; he afterwards became noted as a man of extraordinary endurance and strength, and his employer, a wealthy builder of Brooklyn, offered to match him in a friendly way with the athletic pugilist, Molineux, the latter weighing some one hundred and sixty five pounds, being ten pounds more than his antagonist, and superior in height by some six inches which is a very great disparity in favor of Molineux. The terms of the match were one hundred dollars a side, to be square back falls; all other falls to be excluded and the best three in five to win. They threw for choice hold which was won by Molineux. The betting was at one time before the first fall a hundred to ten on Molineux and no takers at that; after a struggle of about ten minutes duration, Molineux kissed his mother earth, posteriorly, in the best possible manner, which decided the first throw in favor of the Indian, the bets were then even. Previous to the second back fall, Molineux was thrown some eight or ten times, and what a fall was there, my Countrymen. Great Cæsar was uppermost. Molineux experienced some dozen or more of Cæsar's throws and then received the last "clean back fall," and as Molineux subsequently acknowledged, the third was the handsomest fall he ever experienced. Cæsar was not once lifted from his feet.

Molineux acknowledged he has the best man he ever tackled, and as complete a specimen of a modern Hercules as this generation has produced, and worth the ephithet of the great little giant. This match took place on Tuesday afternoon, the 6th inst, on a plot of ground in the neighbourhood of Cumberland St. and Park avenue and after a severe struggle of nearly two hours duration, Cæsar was declared the conquerer, having thrown his competitor some twenty five falls, but not all exactly in the manner required by the terms of the match, viz.—three clear back falls.

The spectators were so pleased with the manner that Cæsar Coit acquitted himself that a subscription was immediately got up for him and some thirty or forty dollars fell to his share; he will also be presented with a Gold Watch and chain, a subscription having been gotten up for that purpose. He can be matched in any sum from one to five hundred dollars, against any man of his weight, to throw for choice of hold, and manner of wrestling.

PHILADELPHIA ITEM.

GREAT ATTACHMENT OF A DOG TO HIS MASTER.

A short time ago, one of our most worthy citizens died; he had nearly numbered his three score and ten. The old gentleman was fond of taking his afternoon walk when the day was fine, and was often seen in the neighborhood of the Philadelphia Exchange, always attended by his faithful dog. Spot was a white shaggy Scotch terrier of medium size, and had a dark spot on his back, from which he was named; he was not only remarkable for his attachment to his master, but also as a ratter, and possessing uncommon sagacity. The old gentleman's illness was of short duration, during which time Spot took to his kennell in the yard, which commanded a view of his master's chamber windows; it was with difficulty that the family could induce him to take food, or lose sight of his master's room; up to this period he was sprightly, killed one or more rats nearly every day, and it could not be discovered up to the day he died, that he was attacked by any disease. After the funeral of his master the poor dog never left his kennel; he refused to take food; his moanings (not howlings) were really distressing, and on the morning of the fifth day Spot was dead.

Shooting Match at Pigeons

AT TACONY, NEAR PHILADELPHIA.

On Monday, 26th inst.

Two gentlemen of Philadelphia have just made a match at Pigeon Shooting, to take place at Mr. Kinsey's, Washington Hotel, Tacony, about 7 miles from Philadelphia, on the 26th inst. The match is for $100, each man to shoot at 20 birds, 2 birds in the trap, with 21 yards rise. Spring traps to be used, and shot to be confined to 1 1-4 oz.

Mr. Kinsey has plenty of birds on hand, so that other gentlemen wishing to try a hand at pigeon shooting, can be handsomely accommodated. The landlord is a worthy man, and fond of sport.

The names of the gentlemen who have made the above match are Mr. Caldwell, of Londonderry, Ireland, and Major Banghim, of Philadelphia, who is counted a crack shot.

THE BALL SEASON.

NOTICE TO MANAGERS OF BALLS.

As our space is of the utmost value to us at present, it will be impossible to give lengthy notices of balls, except those advertised in our columns. Our terms of advertising are reasonable, and, as our paper circulates extensively among the ball-going community, and has nearly the largest circulation of all the New York weeklies, it is an invaluable medium for advertising.

BALLS TO TAKE PLACE.

Baxter Guard, Jan. 5.
Irving Association, Fancy Dress Ball, Dec. 23.
Cummings Guard, Feb. 1st.
Gouverneur Blues, Dec. 26.
L. C. Grimes Guard, Jan. 16.
Storer Guard, Dec. 20.

Invitations.

We acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of invitations to attend the following balls:—Storer Guard; Irving Association; Gouverneur Blues; Cummings Guard, etc.

The Baxter's.

We cannot too sincerely reiterate our thanks to our friends of the Baxter Guard for their very kind invitation to join them in their terpsichorean exercises on the 5th of January. We hope to have the pleasure of being present.

Fancy Dress Soiree.

The first annual invitation Soiree of the Irving Association, takes place at Gothic Hall, on the evening of December 23rd.

Merry Christmas Soiree.

The Ninth Annual Ball of the Gouverneur Blues will take place on the 26th inst., at the City Assembly Rooms.

Cummings Guard Ball.

The Second Annual Ball of the Cummings Guard comes off on Wednesday evening, February 1st, at the City Assembly Rooms.

Storer Guard.

The First Annual Invitation Ball of the Storer Guard, takes place on Tuesday evening next, at Tammany Hall.

Invitation Soiree.

The fifth annual Soiree of the Liberty Guard takes place at the City Assembly Rooms on the evening of Dec. 21.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of an invitation to attend.

Ball of Lady Washington Hook and Ladder Co., No. 1 of Williamsburgh, Monday evening, Dec. 5th.

This brilliant affair took place at the Odeon, Williamsburgh, on the 5th, and was decidedly a most social gathering. The ball was well attended, and nothing was wanting on the part of the gentlemen entrusted with its management, to make it one of the best of the season. An unusual number of beautiful ladies from Williamsburgh and Brooklyn were present, among whom we noticed Miss M——M——M——, of Grand street, who seemed to attract marked attention, and the gentleman in whose compny she appeared, was not wanting in gallantry. Miss H——Y——, of North 3rd street, and Miss H——G——, of 2d street, were greatly admired. Mr. Charles Tolbert, a very worthy gentleman, shone out conspicuously among the sterner sex. Our friend, the Cricket, also Messrs. John Garrett, and George Fulton, will please accept our thanks for their many kind attentions.

Ball of Americus Engine Co., No. 6, of New York, Tuesday evening, Dec. 6th, 1853.

The City Assembly Rooms was beautifully decorated on Tuesday evening, 6th inst., on the occasion of the ball of Americus Engine Co., No. 6. Ornaments emblematic of the Fire Department were to be seen in every part of the room, and, suspended from the Orchestra, was a full sized portrait of Hon. Wm. M. Tweed, taken when he was in the height of his glory, in *full fire laddie rig!* This gentleman was Foreman of Americus Engine Company a few years since, and from him the office passed to the present incumbent, Alfred Palmer.

Where so many beautiful ladies were congregated, we found it extremely difficult to form an opinion as to who was entitled to the honor of being the *belle*. If we may be suffered to pass our judgment, however, upon so delicate a subject, we should say that Miss E——G——r, of Lewis street, was deserving of the title of "*Belle of the Ball*," although her beautiful sister, with Miss M——lt, of Brooklyn, were scarcely less attractive. The Misses D——n, [of Seventh street,] dressed in plaid, received great attention from the gentlemen. Miss K——s, of Scammell street, with whom we had the pleasure of dancing, looked exceedingly well. The Misses D——ly, of Cherry street, attired very neatly in white, appeared to great advantage. The brother of these ladies, Mr. W. D——ly, extended us various courtesies, for which we owe him one. Mrs. Wm. H. K——g, of Allen street, was as lively as a cricket, and brought back to our memory "the light of other days." Miss L——s, and Miss A——e, attired in plaid, presented a fine appearance; they were in company with Mr. B——ly, and lady. The Misses L——, created no little *furore* among the "Tigers." Mrs. Capt. J. D——w, was as she always is, greatly admired. Mr. McC——k and his blushing bride, were present, and seemed to enjoy themselves vastly.

There were present delegates from the fire departments of almost every city in the Union. The "Tigers" were uncommonly attentive to all their guests. The delegates from Albany, consisted of Messrs. D. Sickels, Foreman; William Moulton, Treasurer; E. Van Volkenburg, and J. Cunningham, all of Engine Company, No. 12, of that city. They were worthy representatives.

We also noticed H. Johnston, Deputy Register of the city, also, Messrs. Brennan, Timolat, and Ripley.

Want of space forbids us from entering into a more lengthy description of this ball, which was a superb affair.

The Hurdle Leaping on the 26th.

Editor of the Clipper.

Sir: I commenced my training on Monday, the 12th, as per former notice, at or near Mr. Peter Dodge's, on the Bergen Point Plank Road, and as I have not heard from any of the Challengers, I will just extend a second invitation to them to come out and see a body, if convenient, as there will be several games and many other old English sports, before and after the Hurdle Jumping, on the 26th of this month.

The proprietor of the house, and other sporting men, will give purses for all sorts of sports, and a right merry time may be expected. So, come along boys; come one, come all, who are fond of sport. More next week.

Mickey Free.

The Target in Philadelphia

PROGRESS OF THE MOVEMENT.

Our attentive Philadelphia correspondent sends us the following information in reference to the "target movement" in that city. Onward is the word.

Target Companies.

Philadelphia, December 12th, 1853.

Gentlemen:—Since you have thought my last acceptable, and given it a place in your valuable paper, I have endeavored to collect such information in regard to the "target movement" in this city, as may prove interesting to your readers.

I have been advised of the formation of the following new companies:

Citizens' Light Guard, Captain Wm. S. Duke; 1st Lieut., Frederick Sutterle; 2d do., Nicholas H. Nicholas; 3d do., Robert Keely; 4th do., Wm. Dull. The company is composed of young men from different parts of this city, and will make its first parade on the 9th of January. They will number about thirty muskets, and wear citizens dress.

Good Will Light Guard. Composed of members of the Good Will Engine Co., have held several meetings, but not yet elected officers, nor fixed upon a day of parade. The same may be said of the following:—

Good Intent Fire Engine Target Co. Composed of members of the Good Intent Engine Company.

Kensington Fire Engine Target Co. Composed of members of the Kensington Engine Company.

The Liberty Guard, of whom I made mention last week, have completed their organization by the election of the following named gentlemen as officers:—Capt., Lawrence Kelly; 1st Lieut., Richard Ellis; 2d do., Henry A. B. Brown; 3d do., Ayr Keyser; 4th do., Moses H. Keen. They will parade on the 22d of February. This company will make a very handsome appearance, if I am at *liberty* to judge beforehand. Their First

Target Excursions, &c.

Notice.

Target Companies will oblige us by handing in their favors on Tuesday, if possible. Our immense edition renders it absolutely necessary that we should go to press on Wednesday. Write plain, and on one side of the paper only.

EXCURSIONS TO TAKE PLACE.

Liberty Guard, Dec. 21.
Shishawsheepshawk Guard, Dec. 26.
Hod Carriers Guard, Jan. 2.
Fanning Guard, Jan. 17.
Yellow Metal Musketeers, Dec. 26.
Lyon & Haff Guards, Dec. 19.
Daniel Donnovan Guards, Dec. 26.
Forsyth Guards, Dec. 21.
Capt. Ingraham Guards, Dec. 26.

Jackson Guard.

The following prizes were presented to the best shots on the excursion of this company on the 3d inst;

1st, Gold Watch, presented by Mr. Elias Jackson, won by M. T. Wilson; 2d, Suit of Clothes, presented by Mr. Wilton, won by Leut. H. Dufraine; 3d, Cake Basket, won by R. H. Stiles; 4th, Goblet, presented by William Barr, won by Capt. W. Weise; 5th, Overcoat, won by James Monroe; 6th, Gold Pencil, won by James Stevenson; 7th, $10 Gold Piece, won by R. Carlock; 8th, Silver Cup, won by C. Hoffmire; 9th, Pencil, won by Mr. Wilton; 10th, Life of Shakspeare, presented by R. Stiles, won by J. Herman; 11th, 20s Gold Piece, won by J. D. Hall; 12th, Porte Monnaie, won by C. Delong; 13th, Segar Case, won by William Wiley; 14th, Silver Star, won by P. Charles.

Independant Neptune Volunteers.

The following is a list of prizes presented to the successful marksmen of the Independent Jackson Volunteers on their late excursion:

1st, Silver Goblet, T. D. Ferris; 2d, Silver Goblet, G. Tarr; 3d, Silver Cake Basket, J. Freeland; 4th, Silver Cup, J. McGuire; 5th, Gold Pencil, T. Condy; 6th, Gold Pencil, W. Sweet; 7th, Gold Pencil, B. McGinness; 8th, Gold Breastpin, F. Orton; 9th, A Beautiful Book, F. Murphy; 10th, Book, J. Corbley; 11th, Book, H. Ives; 12th, Gold Ring, R. Styles; 13th, Wreath, A. Condy; 14th, Wreath, T. Ferris,

D. Donnovan Guard.

The above-named company will go on their second annual target excursion on the 26th of this month. They are composed principally of young men residing in the Fourth Ward, and named in honor of a young gentleman well known in the down-town wards as one of the ablest supporters of target companies in New York. They are commanded by Captain John Healy, a gentleman every way capable of conducting and furthering the interests of the company; he is assisted by the following officers: 1st Lieutenant, Thomas Jeremiah Donovan; 2nd Lieutenant, Thomas Conor; 3rd Lieutenant, Michael Fagan; 4th Lieutenant, Walter Wilson; Orderly Sergeant, Richard Baltz. They will proceed to Mr. Pollock's ground, in Hoboken, for target practice.

Storer Guard.

The Storer Guard went on their Annual Target Excursion, on the 5th inst. They were commanded by Captain Cornelius Downey, and went to Pollock's Ground, in Hoboken, for target practice, where the following prizes were awarded:—

1st, Gold Mounted Sword, Sash and Belt, won by Wm. Moore; 2nd, $25 in gold, won by W. Furlong; 3d, $2, Gold Piece, won by J. Lilliston; 4th, $15 in gold, won by J. Simmons; 5th $10 Gold Piece, won by J. Clayton; 6th Silver Card Basket, won by J. Donnohoe; 7th, Silver Spoons, won by M. Kegin; 8th, $5 Gold Piece, won by F. T. May; 9th, Silver Cake Basket, won by D. McCoughin; 10th, Gold Locket, won by J. Robinson; 11th, Silver Forks, won by J. O'Brien; 12th, Gold Pencil, won by D. McCarty; 13th, Silver Cup, won by M. Murray.

Shishawsheepshank Guard.

The following are the officers of this company:

Colonel, Henry Banta; Captain, P. McGloin; Orderly, James H. Hart; 1st Lieut., John Phalon; 2d Lieut., C. W. Travis; 3d Lieut., J. Waterman; 4th Lieut., T. Drew; Ensign, S. H. Merritt.

Barry Guard,

Called in honor of Mr. Richard Barry, Esq., a highly esteemed citizen of the Sixth Ward, made their first annual target excursion, to Hoboken, on the 12th inst., accompanied by Adkin's celebrated Brass Band.

The following prizes were awarded to the best marksmen.

1st. A Splendid Gold Watch, won by Jas. Flynn; 2d, a Case of Pistols, won by Ed. Bennett; 3d, an order for a pair of Pants, won by C. Conner; 4th, a four dollar Hat, won by M. Feeny; 5th, a Gold Pencil, won by J. Moore; 6th, a Book, won by P. McGuirk; and several others that were awarded according to the shooting.

Mechanics Volunteers,

Composed of the members and friends of Hose Company No. 47 Capt. James H Place numbering 35 muskets accompanied by Shelton's Band, went on their First Annual Target Excursion on Tuesday Dec. 6th to E. E. Collins, Bulls Ferry, and made a fine display. Prizes were awarded to the crack shots of this Company, as follows:

1st. prize, Cake Basket, presented by G. L. Schuyler, won by Jacob H. Miller Jr: 2d, Silver Castor, by Henry Eckel, won by Richard M. Roberts: 3d. Gold Locket, by N. Rossman, won by William Hudson: 4th. Gold Pencil, by Mr. Baker, won by David F. Edwards: 5th. Cake Basket, by John Mangels, won by Austin L. Tilds: 6th. Order on Mr. Aaron Westervelt, won by M. H. Fisher: 7th. $8. 50. Vest, by Horace Smith, won by Charles Doherty: 8th. Axe & Adze, by Mr. Lawrence, won by Charles M. Dingee: 9th, Silver Pencil, by Mon. LeClase, won by Joseph Powell: 10th. Gold Ring, by Jacob Miller, won by A. C. Hull: 11th. Fire Cap, by Robert Herring Jr. won by George Blasdell: 12th. $5. Boots, by Hull & Leister, won by Gus. Beck: 13th. $5, Vest, by Mr. Gutenberg, won by Charles Atkinson: 14th. $5, Boots, by Andrew Wills, won by E. Chamberlin; 15th. $3. Cap, by the Company, won by A. Drummond: 16th. Large Ham, by Robert Herring, won by Larry Welch.

NEW YORK CLIPPER

DECEMBER 17, 1853.

HARRISON TRENT, Proprietor.
FRANK QUEEN, Editor.

OUR WHOLESALE AGENTS

Ross & Jones, 21 Ann Street.
S. Hallock, 150 Fulton Street.
Mike Madden, 47 Ann Street.
Yates & Seely, 15 Ann Street,

Notice.

☞ Persons wishing to subscribe to the Clipper, will please send direct to our office, No. 150 Fulton street.

☞ Our Philadelphia Agent, Mr. A Winch, 116 Chesnut street, will supply news paper dealers in Philadelphia with the Clipper a our regular wholesale rates.

Answers to Correspondents.

T. D., Philada.—Your challenge has been received; if you wish it to appear, back it up by sending us a small deposit.

Pugilist.—Johnny Walker was supposed to have acted unfairly in his match with Tom Lane. The match was for £200 aside—the battle to take place Dec. 14, 1847, but Johnny being attacked with *influenza*, his backers paid £100 to have the fight postponed until Feb. 15, 1848, at which time Johnny was suspected of selling the fight, and the match was declared a draw.

Ripton.—If you are sincere, send $5, and if your challenge is not accepted, we will return your money.

Buttons, Jr.—Your note under date of 5th inst., did not reach us in time to be noticed in our last; but we must say that, under the circumstances, we believe the person you refer to is of but little consequence, and unworthy of further notice.

Josey.—Jack Randall died on the 12th of March, 1828, aged 34 years.

D. N. A., Troy.—Hardly suitable.

Maurice Harper.—As you seem particularly desirous of seeing your name in print, we herewith publish, verbatim, the following *verses*, written by yourself, without any assistance. It is not often we meet with such fine poetical effusions. For the information of the friends of our poet, we would state that his correct name is T. Acklum. We hope his parents will look out fo him—he's dangerous.

come all thoes Persons
Far and near,
that fill'd the Colums
of the Clipper,
of their Milling Power.
Their was Mike Mendoza,
that had his Challenge
accepted, but thought
to much of his money
To risk it.
Their was J. Landon,
that could not
Make a match
because he was afraid to get
some cracks.
Their was Dan Grant,
that wished to make
a match but back'd out
because his friends wouldn't
Back him.
Then came Pappy Hall,
that said I will fight
any Ten Stone man in
the United States
Then came John Van Beuren,
I wonder if he is any Relative
to Martin Van Beuren,
who said he would fight
Pappy Hall.
Then came Harper of
Sparring Power,
that challenged all of
the would be Fancy Men,
to try their Boxing Qualities.

A Friend, Congress Hall, Philadelphia.—We have made a notice of your match, and will thank you for a full report of the sport.

Buttons, Jr.—As the person you refer to is an impostor, it would be out of place to notice him.

Albany Jack.—Rather too private for publication.

D., Philada.—Accept our thanks for the kindness you have manifested towards us. Will be thankful for all items of interest you may send us.

F. McE.—If possible your interesting article will be published in this number; if not in our next, certain.

A. J. S.—1 and 2—No. 3—Yes—six battles in England. 4—Yes. 5—No.

B. F. C.—"Was the yacht America ever beaten by an English yacht?" Yes—after she had passed from American hands.

William Tuttle, Newark.—There are so many different versions of the song you refer to, that we cannot make out which one you mean. We are not at liberty just now to name him.

Geo. Riley.—Received your letter, but having another account, did not make use of it. We are much obliged to you.

T. J.—The longest fight we have any record of was between Hayes and Madden, near London, on the 17th of July, 1849. It occupied 6 hours and 3 minutes. Hayes won.

Smith.—The Broadway.

J. H. T.—Letter received, and contents will be published as soon as we can find room.

Many other matters will receive attention in our next.

POSTPONEMENT.

Notice to our Patrons.

We designed to commence in this week's Clipper, the publication of the Life and Battles of Yankee Sullivan, but owing to the great length of Jack Randall's History, together with the full report of the great Prize Fight between Hayes and Jones, near London, which will be found in this another part of paper, we are reluctantly compelled to defer it until next week, December 17, when it will positively be commenced.

The first portion of Sullivan's Life will embrace his celebrated battle with Hammer Lane, in which the latter had his arm broken, notwithstanding which he fought in this condition 10 rounds. It is deeply exciting.

"Meet me by moonlight."

Read the account in another part of our paper, of the California Prize Fight. Strange to say the battle was fought "by the light of the moon." Our California friends have peculiar ideas in regard to sporting matters.

Sullivan's Life in the Ring.

Don't forget that in next week's Clipper we intend to commence the publication of the Life and Battles of Yankee Sullivan.

PURITY OF THE PRESS.

Theatrical Criticisms.

We have all along objected to the course pursued by the New York press in relation to critiicisms on theatrical and operatical performances, Until the present time we do not believe one journal in this city has been honest enough to publish a fair, candid and impartial criticism. We read, almost daily, articles purporting to be a true criticism of this or that performance, but if the facts of the case be carefully inquired into, it will be discovered that the articles in question are not in reality the opinions formed by editors, but that they are published at the solicitations of persons *indirectly interested* in bringing themselves into notice, through the aid of influential journals. Editors and publishers are generally on the best of terms with theatrical managers and operatic directors; they receive pressing invitations to suppers, at which the leaders of the dramatic world figure conspicuously; they are considered hale fellows well met, and as such they have their glasses filled with sparkling champagne, and as often as filled, are not long unemptied; they become a "little boozy," not drunk, mind you, because gentlemen who drink wine only get "slightly inebriated," it's only men who drink sixpenny liquors that get drunk. In such happy moments it is that our dramatic friends become "sweet" upon the editorial and reportorial corps, and ply them with sage and wholesome advice, saying that this fellow is a d——d fine actor, and the public ought to know it; that our inebriated literary friends ought to give that fellow a shot, for he's a d——d scoundrel, knows no more about acting than our tom cat; that Soand-so's benefit comes off in a week or two, and a little notice might help the thing along some. Our literary friend, always ready with pencil and note-book in hand, pencils down these little memoranda, and takes occasion to proclaim in a loud voice, to attract the attention of those gentlemen not aware of his influential position in the literary world, that he'll make Rome howl in the next number of the ————, or if Mr What's-his-name don't pay up for that last puff he gave him, he'll give him h—ll. Of course, those around him applaud him to the echo, and puff *him* up in turn.

The case of Bennett versus Fry, tried last week, developed some facts in relation to the paid system of puffing. By the evidence of G. G. Foster, of Gaslight notoriety, it appears that regular meetings of gentlemen connected with the press took place for the express purpose of puffing into notice the Italian Opera, then about to be introduced to the citizens of New York. This literary bureau was well supplied during those meetings with wines and refreshments at the expense of the manager of the opera. Articles were written by Mr. Foster, who seems to have been one of the leading spirits in this army of honest critics. The Sunday papers being always ready to insert anything in their columns for money, furnished the medium through which those articles were made public, and the reader of those journals were led to believe that what they were reading was gospel truth, while in fact it was gotten up to order, the same as an advertisement, and paid for as such.

This same clique, at the instigation of the manager aforesaid, caused to be published in our Sunday and other papers, an article calculated to injure Miss Truffi, one of the members of the aforesaid Italian Opera company, but who, it appears, had incurred the displeasure of the said manager. Many other little matters have been made public through the late trial, which only show how easy the New York press can be bought.

What a disgrace! Papers that are constantly preaching honesty, morality and independence, let no opportunity pass of selling their principles and opinions, no matter for what purpose, for a few paltry dollars.

We look upon such a course as infinitely worse than robbery, for while publishers are pretending to keep their readers truthfully advised of all matters of importance, they are in reality deceiving them by the publication of shameful falsehoods, for which they have been well paid. This fact is more notorious with regard to Sunday papers than others. There seems to be a settled system among them, by which they agree to publish, either as editorial or otherwise, whatever they get paid for. They go in for each other, do the members of the Sunday press. Readers have oftentimes, doubtless, noticed a similarity in certain articles in the Sunday papers. These articles are written by some such writer as Mr. Foster, who is employed to do this kind of dirty work, and as he is paid for writing them, and as the proprietors are paid for publishing them, of course all parties are satisfied except those whom the aforesaid articles are intended to injure, as in the case of Miss Truffi.

It is time this dishonest system was abolished. Our citizens have endured it long enough, and are now beginning to awake to the true facts of the case. Many of our young American citizens, whose claims upon the public should have placed them high in public opinion, have been sacrificed, and their prosperity blighted, because they were too poor to purchase notoriety through the public press, or too honest to resort to the bribery system so common at this present day. We all know by what means Jenny Lind and those foreign artists who have since followed her, managed to "come it" over the American people. The literary bureau, similar to the one spoken of by Gaslight Fester, "did her business" for her, and were well paid for it. Let any expectant of public favors refuse to countenance these literary suckers, and their case is d---d at once. One or two of our daily papers have commenced a more honest system of criticism, and we hope others will follow.

AMUSEMENTS.

Nothing very interesting in the world of amusements to record, except that the new comedy written by John Brougham, Esq., and produced at Wallack's on Monday evening last for the first time, was quite successful, and will doubtless have a good run.

At the other theatres but little change, and prospects of still less.

Jullien, of Monster Concert notoriety, has cut down his band considerably, about 60 performers comprising his company at the present time; this decrease in their orchestra is met with a like decrease in the treasury, the attendance having fallen off amazingly.

Little Katy Hot Corn is beginning to make her mark at the National Theatre, where the play is performed on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday afternoons of each week. Little Cordelia Howard, who has performed with such marked success the character of Eva, in Uncle Tom's Cabin, has very appropriately been assigned the part of "Katy," in the new drama. Uncle Tom's Cabin is performed every evening at the National to large audiences.

Christy's Minstrels, the oldest company of delineators of Ethiopean characteristics in existence, still continue to give their original style of agreeable and highly amusing entertainments every evening at "the same old spot," No. 472 Broadway. Christy, with Jerry Bryant, Pierce, Briggs, the most celebrated banjo performer in the world, and the other talented members of the company, delight and please the large audiences that constantly throng to listen to them, and whose united efforts for the past ten years have rendered the name of E. P. Christy as "familiar to our ears as household words." Dont forget 472 Broadway, above Grand street.

Buckley's Minstrels, at Chinese Hall, 539 Broadway, are constantly producing new and attractive novelties to the delight of thousands of admirers. The burlesque on Jullien is capital, and the Laughing Song and Chorus is so rich that the entire audience cannot refrain from joining "in the laugh." An evening cannot be more pleasantly spent than at Buckley's.

Miss Laura Keene has had a complimentary benefit tendered her by a number of influential citizens, but she has returned an answer to the committee respectfully declining the honor.

A Sporting Man.

During the Bennett trial, one of the counsel for Mr. Fry, having Mr. Samuel Suydam on the stand for cross-examination, used such ungentlemanly language to the witness as to call forth the indignation of all present. The rebuke the counsel met with, will probably serve as a useful lesson for his future guidance.

True Charity.

It is not often we are called upon to record instances of true charity, but a case has just come to our notice, which we take great pleasure in recording:—Two wealthy gentlemen, well known in this city, have each contributed *one thousand dollars* towards the Five Points Reformation, and what is still more to their honor, have actually refused to have their names made public in connection with their liberal donations. Such disinterested acts of philantrophy must surely meet their own reward. We hope this little notice will be *felt* in its proper spirit by a *curious* people.

"Fast Men" and "Fast Publishers."

Mr. Samuel Suydam having defined a "fast man" to be one who has more money than he has time to spend it in, the Evening Post has volunteered a definition of a "fast publisher" by stating that the "Harpers have published for the last few years, on an average, *twenty-five thousand volumes a minute for ten hours a day!*" We believe the Post is too fast by *one thousand a minute!*

Crowded out.

We have been compelled to omit a number of articles intended for this week's Clipper, in order to make room for the details of the great fight in England, and the "Moonlight Set-to" in California. Our Correspondents must bear with us a short time.

Holiday Gifts.

Can there be a more welcome present to a dear young wife, or sister, than a beautiful Piano, that shall tend so agreeably in the evening to soften those rough edges in our temper, which may arise from coming in contact with the smart world during the day—then, the simple Song of Home, the cheerful smiles of loved ones round us soon make us forget the cares and sorrows of this busy world. Therefore, to young and old we say, get one of T. Gilbert & Co.'s celebrated Pianos of their agent, Horace Waters, 333 Broadway, the great Piano and Music Establishment, and

"Let love and music cheer you on
Life's thorny way."

"Not for a Day,"

But for all time, can you have a clear and lovely complexion, by using Dr. Gouraud's celebrated Italian Medicated Soap, which imparts a handsome and blooming appearance to the skin. In connection with this, we would also mention that Gouraud's Liquid Hair Dye changes light, red, or grey hair to a glossy jet black or brown. Liquid Rouge adds a delicate rose tint to the complexion; and Lily White gives a look of youthful beauty to all who use it. Dr. Gouraud's Poudres Subtile uproots all superfluous hair, and in fact many delightful and valuable cosmetics can be had at Dr. Gouraud's, No. 67 Walker, street, first store from Broadway.

It Don't Pay.

Max Maretzek, Director of Italian Opera, says, during the five seasons he has been engaged in the management of Italian Opera in this city, all have proved losses to him except one and that was the season at Castle Garden last summer. The kid glove gentry had no hand in the successful season at Castle Garden.

A Gift for the Season.

What will please your wife better than one of those beautiful carpets, sold at the celebrated Carpet Warerooms of Hiram Anderson, No. 99 Bowery? You have doubtless made up your mind to surprise her, and you cannot do it more effectually than by selecting something at once useful and attractive, which can be purchased extremely cheap at the above establishment. Now is the season to get your house in good trim for the approaching celebrations. A new carpet on the parlor floor, a beautiful rug before the hearth, and a new and bright looking mat at your door, would give quite a different look to your domicile, and what is of the most importance, give quite a different look to your wife, who has been coaxing you so long for these useful household articles. Call in.

Don't he Look Well?

Certainly he does. But it is more owing to the beautiful style of hat he wears than to anything else. Can we tell whose make it is? Oh, yes—there is but one firm in this city engaged in the manufacture of the Daguerrean Hat, and that is the firm of Rafferty & Leask, of 57 Chatham street, and corner of Chatham and Pearl, whose establishments are well patronized by our citizens generally. It should be mentioned, also, that each purchaser is presented with a daguerreotype likeness, free of charge. Caps of all kinds, in great variety, can be purchased very cheap. Target companies can be well suited at the above establishments, at the shortest notice. Don't forget the Daguerrean Hat.

"The Good Time Coming."

Old and young, rich and poor, are all looking forward to the approaching holidays with feelings of joyousness. Ye who have plenty, and to spare, don't forget your more needy brethren of the human family. You *can* do much good. *Will* you do it?

The Gay Season.

It may not be amiss to remind Ball Committees, and others, that at no other establishment in the city can such a beautiful assortment of Ball Circulars, Cards of Invitation, &c., be found than at the store of T. Frere, No. 81 Nassau street. This gentleman has on hand some of the most exquisite specimens of rich paper and printing we ever remember to have seen. Notwithstanding the rush of business at his establishment, his facilities enable him to attend to all orders with punctuality and despatch.

News Agents.

Ross & Jones, at their old stand, No. 21 Ann street, still continue to give satisfaction to their numerous customers, by prompt and strict attention to business. It is a pleasure to speak thus of men who, by industry alone, have built themselves a reliable name.

"Eva to her Papa."

The thousands who have listened with such feelings of mingled pleasure and delight to the beautiful ballad entitled "Eva to her Papa," so sweetly sung by little Cordelia Howard, in the play of Uncle Tom's Cabin, will be happy to learn that the words and music have just been published by Horace Waters, at his Music Store, No. 333 Broadway. No lover of music should be without a copy of this song, for it is a perfect gem, and will doubtless prove one of the most popular ballads ever published. The following verse will bring to mind a remembrance of the pleasure experienced in listening to the song of "Eva to her Papa."

"When your little Eva's there,
Robed like those in spotless white,
And the conquering palm I bear,
Blessed with love and Heaven's light,
Shall poor Uncle Tom be free?
Papa, promise this to me."

Horace Waters, the publisher of the above, has also just issued a very pleasing song, entitled "Come while the Moonlight Beams," arranged by T. R. Thomas, from Jullien's Prima Donna Waltz. "Fly, Fly Away, or the Dream," a beautiful composition by Frances Isabella King; "The Prescott House Polka." Also, the comic ballad and chorus of Joanna Snow.

Don't forget Horace Waters great Music Depot, No. 333 Broadway.

HORACE WATERS' MUSIC GIFT FOR 1854.

ALL PARTIES purchasing One Dollar's worth of Music at this celebrated Music Establishment will receive Horace Waters' Gift—value One Dollar—Music to be selected from his extensive Catalogue—and a beautiful Vignette Wrapper.

HORACE WATERS, 333 Broadway,
The great Piano and Music Establishment.
The above Two Dollars worth of Music will be sent to all parts of the States free of Postage, on the receipt of One Dollar.

SPORTING NEWS.

THE NEW YORK CLIPPER can be procured at the News Depot, 25 Hudson-st. immediately on publication. Bell's Life in London received regularly every week. Daily Weekly and Sunday Newspapers. Monthly Magazines and Cheap Publications constantly on hand.

E. COZENS,
25 Hudson st., between Reade and Duane.

SULLIVAN HOUSE, No 82 Chatham street. The best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, &c., always on hand.

JAMES SULLIVAN, Proprietor.

Christy's American Opera House,

No. 472 Broadway, above Grand street.
OPEN EVERY NIGHT.
The well known original, far famed and only
CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS,
Organized in 1842.

The first and oldest established company in existence.

THE MODEL TROUPE OF THE WORLD.

The first to Harmonize Negro Melodies, and originators of the present popular style of Ethiopian Entertainments, and whose success in this city, for a continued succession of several years past, is without precedent in the annals of public amusement in New York.

THE COMPANY,

Comprising a versatile and talented "corps" of experienced performers, under the direction and personal supervision of EDWIN P. CHRISTY, Sole Proprietor and Manager, the only individual of the name of Christy, engaged as a performer in representations of Ethiopian Minstrelsy.

Ad mission—25 cents. Doors open at 6½ o'lock; commence at 7½ o'clock.

National Theatre.

Every Evening, until further notice, will be performed—

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN,
IN SIX ACTS.

Uncle Tom, - - - Mr. J. Lingard.
St. Claire, - - - - Siple.
Gumpton Cute, - - - - H. Stone.
Eva, - - Little Cordelia Howard.

NOTICE TO CITIZENS AND STRANGERS.

The great and original drama of Uncle Tom's Cabin, by G. L. Aiken, Esq., which has been performed with such immense success at the National Theatre every night since the 18th of July, and in which the youthful wonder, Little Cordelia Howard, appears as the gentle Eva,

WILL BE CONTINUED

EVERY EVENING DURING THE YEAR

and every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon. Admission 25 cents to dress circle. Remember the National Theatre is situated in Chatham street, near Rosevelt, and this is the only place in which the correct version from Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's work can be witnessed in New York.

☞ Dress Circle and Boxes, 25 cts; Orchestra Arm Chairs, 50 cts; Exclusive Private Boxes, $5; One Person to Private Box, $1. Doors open at 6½; to commence at 7½ o'clock.

TO BALL COMMITTEES.

BALL
CIRCULARS,
Tickets,
AND
Orders of
Dancing.

THE SUBSCRIBER begs to call the attention of Ball Committees to his magnificen assortment of Fancy Papers and Cards, for Bal Circulars, Tickets and Orders of Dancing, just imported from England, France and Germany, was ell as to his large and superb stock of the Choicest American Patterns.

He holds himself in readiness to execute, in the very best manner, at moderate prices, and on the shortest notice, all Commissions from Ball Committees. Being a practical engraver on Copper, Wood and Steel, any designs that may be required can be furnished in the highest style of the arts.

An entirely new and original style of Order of Dancing has been prepared, and pronounced the most tasty thing of the kind ever offered.

All forms of wording for Invitations furnished gratuitously, thereby obviating all trouble to Committees in that particular. Appropriate engravings for Military and Fire Companies, used in printing, also without charge.

Ball Committees are cordially invited to call and inspect the stock of the undersigned before making selections elsewhere.

T. FRERE,
81 Nassau-st., near Fulton, N. Y.

THE GREAT
PIANO AND MUSIC ESTABLISHMENT,
Horace Waters, 333 Broadway.

THE BEST PIANOS IN THE WORLD.

T. GILBERT & CO.'S celebrated Pianos with iron frames and circular scales, are acknowledged by artists and the public to be the best in the world. The beauty of tone and solidity of construction which render them adapted to all climates, have stamped T. Gilbert & Co.'s Pianos as the best Pianos in the world.

THE ÆOLIAN PATENT.

T. Gilbert & Co. are the owners of this much admired Æolian Patent which gives to the Piano the beautiful tones of the organ. It is needless to add (being the owners) that they can supply the public with Æolian Pianos at prices less than any other house. Boudoir Pianos, with iron frames, admirably adapted for small rooms, equal in tone and beauty of construction to the celebrated Boudoirs of Collard & Collards, London, hitherto considered the best in the world.

MELODEONS.

S. D. & H. W. Smith's celebrated Melodeons are tuned in the usual temperament, the harmony being as good in the remote keys as it is in the common. They are the only Melodeons so tuned, and are unquestionably the best, in corroboration of which statement please see N. Y. Musical Review for October—Editor's notice. Second hand Pianos at great bargains from $40 to $150.

Martin's Guitars and all kinds of Musical Instruments.

New Music published daily.

HORACE WATERS, 333 Broadway.

The Oldest Newspaper Agency in the United States.

PRICE & WINANS,
Late S. Hallock,
150 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK,

WHOLESALE AGENTS, for all the Daily and Weekly Newspapers, Magazines, Periodicals, Cheap Books, &c., &c.

Arrangements have been made to supply customers with all the Papers as soon as published, and particular attention will be paid to the packing and forwarding of all orders entrusted to our care.

Persons who wish their Papers sent at the earliest possible moment, may rely upon the *Young Firm* for promptness and accuracy.

AGENCY OFFICE.

522 BROADWAY, (opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.)—Persons requiring competent and faithful clerks, salesmen, porters, school teachers, drug clerks, coachmen, barkeepers, waiters, boys for hotels, stores and trades, will please call and leave orders; and applicants for any of the above situations will find it to their interest to register their names. Girls requiring places as housekeepers, seamstresses, cooks, nurses, chambermaids, and for general housework, can be certain of getting first class employments. THOMAS SPINK, Agent.

DANCING AND WALTZING ACADEMY.

M. Kilfoil

RESPECTFULLY announces to his patrons and friends that his classes for the second quarter will commence on the 1st of January next, at the Warren Hotel, corner of Oliver and Henry street, on Wednesdays and Fridays; and at the Hudson Exchange, corner of 10th Avenue and 30th street, on Monday and Thursday of each week.

All the Fashionable Dances will be taught, and every endeavor made to advance the pupil in an accomplishment so essential to ease and elegance of manner.

Ladies and Children's Private classes will commence at 5 and terminate at 6 o'clock P. M. Gentlemen's Private Classes from 6 ur til 7. Ladies Classes from 7 to 8. Gentlemen's from 8 to 9.

A Quadrille practice for both Ladies and Gentlemen from 9 to 11, for the benefit of all pupils.

BOYS!

YOU ALL KNOW OUR SAMMY, the Calamity Water Pedlar—He now keeps a neat little Drinking Saloon, 100½ Warren street, called the *Young Continental House*. If coaxed a little he will attend on the outside and sing the American Boy, while Shorty will wait upon you from the inside. Call and see.

P. S.—Bobby Lee, the Lad that was Born without a Shirt, in attendance when called for.

"LIVE AND LET LIVE"
OYSTER AND DINING SALOON
214 BROADWAY,
Opposite St. Paul's Church, New York.
James A. Walnut,
Wm. H. Radford.

TREMENDOUS BARGAINS

AT THE CELEBRATED LARGEST AND CHEAPEST CARPET ESTABLISHMENT IN THE UNITED STATES, No. 99 Bowery, New York,

HIRAM ANDERSON.

Eight Spacious Sales Rooms—Wholesale and Retail.

Sales Room No. 1.

CONTAINS THE MOST EXTENSIVE FASHIONABLE, and handsome assortment of Hare's celebrated English and American Floo Oil Cloths, of the newest style, satin finish, marble, Italian, fresco, and scroll paintings, ever offered in this city, from 2s. 6d. to $1 the square yard of 1 to 8 yards wide

Sales Room No. 8.

Are the PATENT TAPESTRY INGRAIN CARPETS, exhibited at the World's Fair, and to be exhibited at the New York Crystal Palace. Also, Window Shades, at 6s., 8s., 12s., 16s., and 20s. per pair; Table Covers, Plated and Brass Stair Rods, English Sheepskin, Adelaide and Tufted Parlor Door Mats.

Also, White and Checked Matting, 4-4, 5-4 and 6-4, and Cocoa Matting. All the above goods will be sold at twenty per cent. less than any other establishment in the United States.

HIRAM ANDERSON.
99 BOWERY.

N. B.—Familes and Merchants visiting the great metropolis, will find it much to their advantage to examine this enormous stock. feb 253m

Sales Room No. 2.

THERE ARE 250 PIECES OF THE CHOICEST, most beautiful and desirable patterns of English and American Ingrain Carpeting, at unparalleled low prices, from 5s. to 6s. 6d. per yard. Manufactured for our city sales.

Sales Room No. 3.

CONTAINS 300 PIECES OF ENGLISH AND American Imperial Three Ply Carpeting, of magnificent Scroll and Gothic figures, imported and manufactured to order, some of which cannot be found at any other establishment in the United States.

Sales Room No. 4.

CONTAINS 150 PIECES OF FINE INGRAIN CARPETING, of splendid new patterns, at astonishing low prices, 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., and 4s. per yard.

Sales Room No. 5.

DISPLAYS A WONDERFUL VARIETY of ENGLISH DRUGGETS, 4 yards wide. Also, 3000 yards of Druggets 1¼, 2, and 3 yards wide, at 3s. 3s. 6d., 4s. 5s. 6s. per yard. Also, magnificent Mosaic and Axminster Hearth Rugs, and 100 Tufted Rugs, at 20s.

Sales Room No. 6.

IS FULLY STOCKED WITH EVERY VARIETY of striped and figured STAIR and HALL CARPETING, at 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. to 6s. per yard. Also, English Tapestry, Brussels and Velvet Stair Carpet at 7s. 8s. 9s. and 10s. per yard.

Sales Room No. 7.

ROYAL VELVET, Axminster, Tapestry, and Brussels Carpeting, imported from the celebrated English Manufactories of John Crossly & Son, and Henderson's, expressly for our city trade. Also, Mosaic carpets of one entire piece, the size 16 feet by 21, and 12 feet 8 inches by 17 feet, worth $350.

City Amusements.

The Strangers' Guide.

[Any omissions, alterations, or corrections, in the following list, will be attended to, on the fact being made known at our Office.]

The following list at once points out to stranger and others, the localities of every place of amusement in New-York City, together with the price of admission, time of opening, and much other useful information, not to be found in any other journal.

Wallack's Theatre.

Broadway, near Broome-Street.
Parquette, Dress and Family Circle.
Parquette and DressCircle 50 cts., Family Circle 25 cts.
Lessee .....Mr. Wallack.
Stage Manager ....Mr. Lester.
Treasurer .....Mr. Charles Wallack.

Doors open at 7 o'clock. Performances commence at half-past 7.

The following are the names of the members of the Company:

Mr. Blake,	Mr. Lester,
Mr. Brougham,	Mr. Walcot,
Mr. Lysander Thompson,	Mr. Dyott,
Mr. Reynolds,	Mr. F. A. Vincent,
Mr. H. B. Phillips,	Mr. Mr. F. Chippendale,
Mr. Lyster,	Mr. Res,
Mr. Chandler,	Mr. Bernard,
Mr. Browne,	Mr. Oliver,
Mr. Burke,	Mr. Thomas,
and Mr. Wallack.	
Miss Laura Keene,	Mrs. Brougham,
Mrs. Conway,	Mrs. Cramer,
Mrs. Stevens.	Mrs. Isherwood,
Mrs. Conover,	Mrs. Browne,
Miss Esmond,	Miss Julia Gould,
Mrs. Walcot,	Miss Norval,
Miss Tayleure	Miss Osborne.
Mrs. Blake.	

Broadway Theatre.

Broadway, between Pearl and Anthony.
E. A. Marshall, Sole Lessee.
Parquette and Three Circles of Boxes.
Prices of Admission:
Parquette and First Tier of boxes....50 cts.
Family and Upper Circles .....25 cts.
Admission for colored person, in Third Circle .....25 cts.
Doors open at 7, commence at half-past 7.

Company:

Mr. Barry,	Mr. Davidge,
Mr. Conway,	Mr. Davenport,
Mr. Whiting,	Mr. Lanergan,
Mr. Grosvenor,	Mr. Sanford,
Mr. Matthews,	Mr. Vincent,
Mr. Walters,	Mr. Barnard,
Mr. Wright,	Mr. Henry,
Mr. Cutler,	Mr. Duss,
Mr. McDouall.	
Mrs. Vernon,	Mrs. Henry,
Mrs. Bernard,	Mrs. Abbott,
Miss A. Gougenheim	Miss Portland,
Mrs. Fisk,	Miss J. Gougenheim,
Miss Price.	

Bowery Theatre.

Bowery, Between Bayard and Walker-street.
Pit and Lower Circles of Boxes.
Prices of Admission:
First Second and Third Circles of Boxes, 25 cts.
Pit and Gallery .....12½ cts.
Manager, ...E. D. Stevens,
Treasurer, ...Mr. Waldron,
Assistant Treasurer, ...F. E. Wemyss.
Doors open at 7,—commence at half-past 7.

Company:

Mr E. Eddy,	Mr R. Johnston,
Mr Glenn,	Mr J. Winans,
Mr J. Dunn,	Mr Hamilton,
Mr Stevens,	Mr Collins,
Mr Lamb,	Mr Stone,
Mr Leffingwell.	
Mrs Parker,	Mrs Dunn,
Mrs Monell,	Miss Hiffert,
Miss Somers.	

National Theatre.

Chatham-Street, between Rosevelt and James.
Manager .....Mr Purdy
Dress Circle and Boxes.....25 cts.
Parquette for colored people .....25 cts.
Doors open at 7½,—commence at 8 o'clock.

Company:

Mr. Prior,	Mr. J. Lingard,
J. B. Howe,	H. Stone,
G. W. L. Fox,	N. B. Clarke,
Herbert,	J. B. Terry,
L. Fox,	McDannell,
Toulmin,	Rose,
T. Blake,	G. Lingard,
Mack,	Draymond,
Lyons,	Mitchell,
Cline,	Smith.
Master Murray.	
Mrs. G. C. Howard,

FOX AND WOLF HUNTING.

In Poland with Count Constantine Branetsky's Hounds.

BY AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

Being at Biolacierkoff, on a visit to the Count Constantine Branetsky, whose frank and generous hospitality and whose warm and hearty welcome, especially to Englishmen, are proverbial, I availed myself of his invitation to a few days hunting, and accordingly accompanied him and a select party to his hunting box in Ouzin. On the morning of the 28th August (old style) being the first day of the season, by six o'clock we were all in saddle, the count upon his favorite hunter, the very model of a perfect Arab, with broad expanded forehead, fine tapering muzzle, wide nostrils, and beautifully placed ears, his thin withers, well-placed shoulder, round carcass, compact joints, and long sloping muscular quarters gave promise of uncommon strength and fleetness, whilst a full dark eye, mild and yet beaming with latent fire and domitable courage, belied him much if his endurance were not equal to his speed. Arrived at our hunting ground, we found Mr. Thos. Espener already there, complacently remonstrating with his impatient hounds, a right noble pack, that crowded around him, gazing up in his face and whining as if to reproach him for his delay. To a casual observer these hounds had all the appearance of the common English foxhounds, but to the eye of a sportsman it was evident that in many of them the original breed had been crossed with the bull dog, which, although it diminishes the beauty and speed of the animal, is found very serviceable where such formidable antagonists as the wolf and wild boar are not unfrequently met with, as the thorough fox-hound, however fierce, if not accustomed to hunt wolves, is shy of attacking them at first. The meet was at a beautiful line of covers, namely the Amesbury covers, from the similarity in their position and of the country to that part of Salisbury Plain hunted by the celebrated and worthy M. F. H. Thos. Assheton Smith, Esq, of Tidworth House, Wilts. I inspected the horses and then the hounds, which I pronounced beauties, and in first-rate condition. "But stay," exclaimed Espener, "till you hear them give tongue together like a chime of bells;" the whole turn out looked to me very like business, and a short time proved that I was not out in my reckoning. We drew a small patch of Boreans blank, trotted on to another on the hill-side; the hounds had not been in cover three minutes when the voice of a single hound arose, and the huntsman's "Hark to Barrister! Lord Yarborough for ever!" (a most elegant foxhound a draft from Lord Yarborough's kennel) was instantly followed by the musical "tally-ho!" of the noble master as reynard broke cover with the whole pack at his brush, and they went rushing over the grassy plain like driving mists before the autumnal blast, and truly the merry music of the pack was "like a chime of bells;" 'twas a splendid burst, a magnificent scene across that open country, all grass; and although hot, dry weather, with the ground hard as a brick, we ran him six versts without a check; he was then headed by some shepherds, and took to a drove or sheep track, which being nothing but dust, the hunting became slow, still the hounds, nothing daunted, stuck to him; again he was headed, and went straight to some earths that were open, and thus saved his life. The distance could not have been less than ten versts. Time, 40 minutes.

Our noble M. F. H., taking off his hunting cap, and wiping the perspiration from his brow, cried, "Come, gentlemen, don't let us lose time in vain regrets; we have plenty of work before us, for we drew but one corner of that cover." We accordingly returned to it, and the hounds dashed gallantly in, and afforded a rich, and, to me, unexpected treat; for, on the instant, two wolves broke cover and went away in opposite directions. Fortunately, the hounds all settled to one, which they ran into in a few minutes—in fact, before he was well upon his legs, for he seemed half inclined to show fight; but the hounds, dashing without hesitation at the enraged brute, tore him down, and, to the "whoop" to him of the count, despatched him and left him, for, however hungry, they will not eat a morsel of wolf. They were then laid back on the line of the other wolf, and were soon fairly on his trail for the "Hark!! hark! again to Barrister" of Espener, as another hound chimed in, and another took it up—proved it to be all right. Now, hound after hound opened on the scent as it gradually became warmer, till at length the whole pack, in full chorus, went sweeping over the hill, and dashed down like a hurricane through the wood on the other side, rousing the startled echoes, and making the welkin ring with their joyous music. We rushed at headlong speed down what appeared like rugged bridle paths, the ground every moment assuming a more terrific appearance, it seemed almost miraculous that horses should be able to cross it at all, for, independent of the rocks and thorny bushes which impeded their progress, the ground was broken by holes and fissures just sufficiently concealed by grass to prevent the rider seeing them till his horse was flying over them—even at a foot's pace a horseman would have had some difficulty in picking his steps over it. Still we pressed forward with undiminished ardour, and, save a few desperate stumbles and tumbles, no accident occurred. The passage of the wood, however, wooded and thinned our field considerably. The wolf, finding himself unpursued, had evidently been going along at an easy pace, so that when we cleared the woods we found the hounds were gaining on him rapidly, the lighter portion of the pack being rather in advance. The wolf, a crafty old grey one, and looking as lank as a greyhound, now for the first time seemed to discover that he was pursued, and, breaking off his lobbing gallop, he went away at a pace which, with the tremendous start he had got, and the untiring powers and extraordinary bottom these animals possess, proved to us that we had our work to do. The headlong speed at which we were going, further thinned the field, although it was now through a fine open country easy to cross. Three—whose horses were well matched—the Counts Branetsky and Pototsky, and Capt. Wright, now shot ahead at a racing pace, neck and neck, and neck and girth.

The horses were truly well matched for speed, and seemed like their riders nearly mad with excitement, they passed the heavy hounds, and drew near the sterns of the lighter ones, by this time fast gaining upon their wolf, who at length began running short, and twisting and turning as if to throw them out, and then, after a run of fifty-five minutes without a check, the brute did actually show fight, and turning to bay in the middle of the plain, the few hounds that were up, instead of running in, stood baying at him, when the Count Constantine Branetsky, whose blood was fairly up, threw himself from his horse, and with a loud hurrah! seizing the wolf by the throat, plunged (What do you think, Mr. Editor? not a *couteau de chausse*), but a common pocket knife through his ribs, and then shouting "Whoop to him my gallant hounds, hold him and shake him," hurled the savage monster to the ground as if struck by lightning, when the hounds quickly seized him, and despite his struggles to disengage himself, despatched him. Mem. Never to go out again where wolves do so abound, without a *couteau de chasse*. Altogether a most delightful day's sport, and justly considered a favourable omen for the future. Returning with our horses fearfully blown and in a lather of foam, picking up stragglers on our way, we all managed to muster without need of roll-call at the count's box to dinner, where a splendid spread awaited us, for the count is fond of good living as well as good sport, and takes almost as much interest in his kitchen and cellar as he does in his kennel and stables. Of the dinner I say nothing, save that it would have done credit to the most hospitable board, have gained immortal honour at a civic feast, and we did it ample justice. Verily, Mr Editor, a sportsman's life is doubly joyous. After dinner we began, some describing what they had seen, others describing what they had not seen, until we had chased our game all over again in most spirit-stirring style, till our heads swam and our hearts burnt with the glowing recollections as the soul-stirring scene came again vividly before us. And thus closed our first day at Count Constantine Branetsky's hunting-box in Ouzin.

August 31.—Met at Ouzin, found in the bog below the stud-groom's garden, went as if for the village, turned to the right and ran through the paddock near the stables, over the gardens below the horse-fold, when we found the hounds getting too near to be pleasant. Forward over the hill. The count, with that polished courtesy and high-bred gentlemanly feeling that renders him desirous of affording his friends and guests the greatest possible amount of enjoyment, whether seated at his table or following his hounds, exclaimed, "Follow me gentlemen, but do not press your horses too hard; we shall want all the wind they can spare when we get to the other side of the hill." And verily we found it so, for there, across the ploughed land, the pace began to tell upon our horses—the ground exceedingly heavy; turned to the right as if for Ostrekoff bog. No, that was not his point—headed back, and went straight for Bloshensky: ran into him fifty yards from cover after fifty minutes' good hunting; the Count and Mr Robinson first up, then the huntsman, next Count Pototsky and Prince Radseville. We then tried the bog near the farmer's at Ostrekoff. The eager hounds, scarcely waiting for the dismissing cheer and wave of Espener's hand, dashed into the thick of the bog, from which they soon unkennelled their varmint, who went out at the opposite side, and over the hill as if for Katerinka Wood; turned to the left, and pointed for the high wood; turned to the right, and bore away for the large wood running up to Biolacierkoff, but was headed, and came back through the wheat field, and over the hill again to the bog we found him in. Little advantage had been perceptible till now the hounds evidently gained upon him; descending the hill he crossed the water, with the hounds close at him, plunging one over another after him into the river, up the hill to the Boreans, near the horse-fold, where they pulled him down dead beat, after one hour and fifteen minutes, the pace for the last hour choking. The Count and Espener forded the river, and got up as they ran into him, the rest of the field, with Mr Robinson for their pilot, having gone some two versts round, evidently not good runs over so good a country. Wishing the noble master long life to enjoy many such runs as those I have attempted to chronicle, I am Mr. Editor, yours, &c.,

W. D. W.

From Bell's Life.

PEDESTRIANISM.

MATCH AGAINST TIME.—On Tuesday last Charles Cave (alias Happy Jack), the well known runner with the Surrey Union and Mr. Lee Steere's Foxhounds, undertook to run 10 miles in the hour, between two milestones on the Portsmouth Road, near Godalming. The ground was in a very clammy state, unfavorable for running; nevertheless the gallant Jack ran the distance in sixty-one minutes, having met with two or three obstacles—one of a dog having run between his legs, and nearly tripping him up. Had it been a right-away run, or on a fair pedestrian course, there is no doubt he would have accomplished the feat. Jack ran for no stake, but he was incited to this task by a gentleman who was anxious to test the gameness of the man, and so well has he been satisfied that he is prepared to back Jack to run 10 miles in the hour on a pedestrian course, for £50. Half trained, living under hedges, sometimes with a meal, and often without, relying on eleemosynary relief, and, above all, at the advanced age of 35, Jack's feat may be regarded as a capital performance.

LEVETT AND YATES.—Notwithstanding the referee (Mr. R.) twice last week decided that as both men had broken the articles neither could claim the whole of the stakes; and that on Monday again he wrote, and repeated with redoubled force his previous fiat, he, on the following day, states that he had "consulted a lawyer, and his opinion was that Levett was entitled to the stakes." Was this professional gentleman made acquainted with all the nefarious transactions? or did he read, in addition to what we have stated and what we know, the subjoined from the Carlisle Patriot, viz: "It appears it was a tacit understanding that Levett should take the lead in the morning, so that the betting might be in his favor, but that Yates was ultimately to win. The former personage, however, having obtained an advantage, heedless of the old adage of 'Honor among thieves,' determined to walk, and walk off with the stakes, if possible. Accordingly, on being requested to 'hold hard,' to enable Yates to overtake and pass him, the latter stoutly refused, and a most disgraceful scene ensued. It is to be hoped such deceptions upon the public liberality will for the future find no countenance, as it is evident that the majority of them are got up for the sole purpose of cheating the unwary. Yates's first appearance in Newcastle proved a great 'hit,' and he no doubt fancied them still 'green,' but on the present occasion the knowing ones were somewhat shaken in the creed that 'Fools and their money are soon parted.'" We shall say no more about this vile affair than to observe that, despite the threats of Levett to bring an action against us for the recovery of the whole of the stakes, we shall return to each his own money (if Levett really had staked any at all), and thus end the matter.

ISHERWOOD AND HULME.—These men are young pedestrians, Richard Isherwood being of Bradshaw, near Bolton, and John Hulme dates his place of residence as Little Bolton. They arrived at Bellevue to contest one mile for £10 a side. Truly, it is not often we find delays, where distances like these are to be contested, but so it was, and, at the third attempt, they got away, Hulme making the running at first-rate speed. Before 40 yards had been traversed, Isherwood assumed the premiership, but had soon to yield, and when the first half mile lap had been completed, Hulme was 30 yards in advance. From this point Isherwood had no chance, Hulme keeping on, but he, finding his opponent was defeated, properly slackened his speed, and eventually came in a winner by 100 yards. Time 4min 5sec. The winner is somewhat diminutive in stature, and had no professional training, whilst Isherwood had been under the superior guidance of Tommy Lee, of Middleton, a man who ranks high in pedestrian contests. As Hulme is comparatively young in his profession, it may not take it amiss if we tell him that he outruns himself. He should reserve some of those energies he possesses until they are required, and not lead too far before he has tested, in some degree, the merits of his opponent, and hence, if he follow the occupation, he must discover the truth of the remark.

Chase after the Spoons.

At Bow-street, on Saturday week, a young man, who gave the name of Henry Devine, and refused to state his address and occupation, "out of regard for his family," was charged with stealing a quantity of plate, consisting chiefly of silver spoons and forks, the property of Mr. John Chapman, bookseller, 142, Strand. The prisoner, who gave chase, was overtaken by Mr. Chapman. After a great deal of useless resistance, the prisoner was taken into custody. The stolen property was recovered and identified by the prosecutor, who had seen it in the drawing-room a few minutes previous to the robbery, while partaking of luncheon. The prisoner said that he merely took the plate with the view of raising sufficient money to take him to Australia—intending, of course, to reimburse Mr. Chapman, if successful at the gold diggings. He complained of being very badly used by the prosecutor, who, instead of offering him a glass of ale or something to refresh him, after a serious fall in the chase, seized him by the collar and nearly choked him; but he was willing to forget and forgive, if his offence was looked over, and the magistrate would let him off. Mr. Henry committed him for trial.

A Novel Engagement.

We have been informed by a gentleman from Gibsonville, that a Missourian residing in that place has undertaken to fight a grizzly bear which has been recently taken, and is one of the most fierce and vicious of his species. "Pike County" is to be armed with no other weapon than a bowie knife, which, according to the arrangement he is not to use until brush has made the assault, and has commenced the delightful operation of hugging. No one is to interfere, and the combatants are to be left to themselves until one or the other is dead. This is certainly an American refinement upon bull baiting, and is highly creditable to the genius of California, in this enlightened age.

Stealing a Fast Pony.

At Clerkenwell, a man, between fifty and sixty years of age, who called himself Nevill Digby, was charged with having stolen a mare pony, the propery of Mr. John Tibbs, of Stamford Hill The prosecutor stated that last month he pony was stolen from a field in the Seven Sisters-road, and he heard nothing of it until the night before, when a lad, named Ward, informed him that a man was in his father's house bragging of having in his possession a fast-trotting pony he was willing to sell, and which, in the opinion of the youth, belonged to witness. While proceeding thither, young Ward pointed out the prisoner, who was in conversation with a constable in the Kingsland-road. Witness walked up to the officer and entered into conversation with him. Hearing the accused remark that he was on the look out for some cattle he had purchased, witness threw out a "bait" by observing he was sadly in want of a good working pony. The prisoner was at once taken off his guard and "hooked," for he forthwith launched out in praise of a pony he had for sale, at the same time offering to take him to view it. Witness, of course, jumped at the proposition, and went onwards with him, but had scarcely walked a hundred yards when the accused turned round on witness, struck him on his neck, observing, "I know you; you are only a sharp," and ran away at a quick pace, followed by him, until they came up to an officer, to whom he mentioned that he had been assaulted by the prisoner. The constable refused to interfere, on the ground that he had not witnessed any assault, and the prisoner, assuring him he meant no offence, again went off, as he supposed, a free man. Feeling more than ever convinced that he was on the right scent of his pony, he pulled off his coat, and slightly disguised himself, desiring the policeman to follow carefully in his wake, as he had come to the determination to trace him to his abode. For four hours did witness creep behind him, and seeing him eventually enter a stable or shed in a back secluded street, leading from the Kingsland-road, he called to his aid several officers, requesting them to authorize him to break into the place. This they at first objected to, but while conversing with them, and in doubt how to act, his nag recognizing his voice, commenced neighing, which led them, without further hesitation, to make a forcible entry. The prisoner kept them at bay with a pick-axe, but finding too many policemen closing upon him with their truncheons, he dropped his weapon and was captured. The pony had been clipped and otherwise disfigured since it had been stolen, but there was no mistake about his identity. Police Constable 71 N stated that, when taking the prisoner to the station-house, he told witness to "behave like a man, and you shall not want for £5 or even £50." The prisoner, who made no defence, was remanded.

The Turf.

TROTTING OVER THE UNION COURSE, L. I.—Friday, Dec. 9.—Match for $200, mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

E Simmons names b. g. C. Collins - - - - - - - 1
A Turner names b. g. Schmidt - - - - - - - - dist

Time—2.53.

CENTREVILLE COURSE. L. I.—RUNNING.—Thursday, Dec. 8.—Match for $1,000, six hundred yards out.

A Johnson names g. g. Snowball - - - - - - 1
L. Neil names br. m. Dolly - 2

The above nags are from Ohio—no time taken.

UNION COURSE, L. I.—TROTTING.—Tuesday, Dec. 6.—Match for $500, two miles heats.

S Hoagland names g. g. Tecumseh, to 395 lb wagons - - - 1 1
A Conklin names blk. g. Blick Jack, to skeleton wagon - - - 2 2

Time—5.33; 5.46.

This was an exciting and well contested trot; betting was even. There was a large attendance for the season of the year. Tecumseh won the race—winning the last heat by a length.

TROTTING IN ST. LOUIS, Mo.—Saturday, Nov. 26.—Match for $300, mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

P. McGivney's Tom. Benton - - - - - - - 2 1 1 1
G. Bidwell's Canadian stallion - - - - - - - 1 2 2 2

Time—2.49; 2.46; 2.48; 2.49

PACING AT NEW ORLEANS.—Metairie Course, Thursday, Nov. 24.—Pacing Match for $200, miles heats, best three in five, in harness.

Henry Duncan's gr. h. Grey Eagle - - - - - - - 1
R. R. Benham's blk. m. Lola Montez - - - - - - - dist

Time—2.40.

TROTTING AT CINCINNATI, OHIO.—Tuesday, Nov. 29.—Purse $250, mile heats, best three in five, to skeleton wagons.

James Ward's b. m. Flora Temple - - - - - - 2 2 1 1 1
C. S. Bliss's ch. g. Rhode Island - - - - - - - 1 1 2 2 dr.
S. M. McLaughlin's ch. m. Green M'n. Maid. drawn.

Time—3.43; 3.40; 3.41; 3.40.

TROTTING AND RUNNING AT PROVIDENCE.—Monday, Nov. 28.—Purse and stake $250, for running horses, catch weight, mile heats.

J. Trainer's ch. m Lady Digby - - - - - - - 1 1
A Carpenter's b. m. Lady La Fayette - - - - - - 2 2

Time—1.55; 1.57½.

Thursday, December 1, purse $50, for trotting horses, mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

R. Sherman's b. g. Farmer Boy - - - - - - - 2 1 1 1
A Winch's b. g. Honest John - - - - - - - - 1 2 2 2

Time—2.51; 2.49; 2.53; 2.55.

Friday, December 2, purse and stake $200, for running horses, carrying 114 lb., mile heats, best three in five.

J Trainer's ch. m. Lady Digby - - - - - - - 1 1 1
A. Carpenter's b. m. Lady La Fayette - - - - - - 2 2 2

Time—1.52½; 1.55. No time taken third heat.

FATAL OCCURRENCE AT ASTLEY'S.—On Monday, an inquest was held on the body of the supernumerary Palmer, whose death was occasioned at Astley's by his rashly attempting to blow gunpowder through the nipple of a gun into the gas light; and a verdict of accidental Death was returned.

Looking out for the Ladies.

At the Mansion House, the new Lord Mayor took the chair on Thursday, David Dalton was charged with stealing a gold watch on the Lord Mayor's day. The prisoner was defended by Mr. H. Wood. Mr. W. H. Clarke, a gentleman of independent property, residing at 26 Great Marlborough street, said, I came into the city in company of my wife, by steamboat from Hungerford Market to Blackfriars Bridge, and proceeded along Thames street until I arrived at the corner of Eastcheap, where I stopped to see the procession pass. The prisoner there thrust himself forward three or four times, upon which I said to him, "Keep back, and allow this lady to see the procession." He gave me some trouble to push him away. At this time a mounted police officer said, "Take that lady from here, she will be dreadfully crushed in an instant." I then went a little northward, and found myself very much obstructed, the prisoner again in front of me. I then said to my wife, "Is your watch safe?" upon which she replied, pulling out the chain, "No, it is gone; that man took it who has been so continually staring at me." Shortly afterwards I caught sight of the prisoner, and called out to him, "Young man, what have you done with this lady's watch?" He immediately "ducked" his head, passed under the elbows of two or three persons, and emerged from the crowd. He ran as fast as he could, I pursuing, and calling "Stop thief!" Eventually he was stopped by the police. Mrs. Emily Clarke, wife of the last witness, corroborated the evidence of her husband in every particular, and added, that the ring of her watch had been cut through, although the chain was uninjured, and that the watch had not been found. Other witnesses confirmed the charge, and the Detectives stated that the prisoner was one of the most daring of the "swell mob," and had been convicted many times. He was committed.

Chess.

Match between Harrwitz and Lowenthal.

BLACK. Harwitz.	WHITE. Lowenthal.
1. Q P 2	Q P 2
2. Q B P 2	K P 1
3. Q Kt to B 3	K Kt to B 3
4. K Kt to B 3	Q B P 2
5. Q B to K B 4	Q Kt to B 3
6. K P 1	Q R P 1
7. Q R P 1	B to K 2
8. Q P ⋊ P	K B ⋊ P
9. Q Kt P 2	K B to K 2
10. K R P 1	Castles
11. Q to Q B 2	Q P ⋊ R
12. K B ⋊ P	Q Kt B 2
13. K B to Q 3	K B ⋊ Q Kt P
14. Castles	B ⋊ Kt
15. Q ⋊ B	Q B to Kt
16. Q B to K Kt 5	K R P 1
17. B ⋊ K Kt	Q ⋊ Q B
18. Q ⋊ Q	P ⋊ Q
19. K B to K 4	K B P
20. B ⋊ Kt	B x R
21. Kt to K 5	K R to B B sq
22. K R to Q B sq	B to K sq
23. K B P 2	K B P 1
24. Kt to K B 3	B to Q B 3
25. Kt to Q 4	B to Q 4
26. K R to Q sq	K R to Q B 6
27. K to B 2	K to B 2
28. K R to Q 2	B to K 5
29. Kt to K 2	R to Q 6
30. R x R	B x R
31. R to Q B sq	B to Q R 5
32. Kt to Q 4	K R P 1
33. Q R P 1	R to Q R 2
34. K Kt P 1	R to Q 2
35. R to Q B 3	K to K sq
36. P x P	Q R P x P
37. R to Q R 3	R to Q Kt 2
38. R to Q R 8 x	K to B 2
39. Kt to Q B 6	R to Q 2
40. Kt to Q 4	R to Q Kt 2
41. Kt to Q B 6	K to Kt 2
42. Kt to R 5	R to Q 5
43. Kt x B	P x Kt
44. K to K 2	Q R P 1
45. R to R 2	K to B sq
46. R to B 2	R to K Kt 2
47. K to B 3	R to Q B 2
48. K Kt P 1	B P x P x
49. P x P	P x P x
50. K x P	K B P 1 x
51. K to B 3	K to K 2
52. K to K 2	K to Q 3
53. K to Q 3	K to Q 4

Drawn game.

A FISH STORY.

Quite a little incident happened once upon a trout-brook in which, a few years ago, we were wont to wet a line now and then. The speckled prey were rather shy, and it required considerable art to snatch them from their element. Nothing short of crawling for acres together would do before reaching within good throwing distance. It was in an open meadow; no friendly bush stood by the brook side to offer one the chances of an ambuscade; and sometimes we feared greatly that we should strip all our buttons "down before" in our exertion to snake our way to the stream.

A friend, who related the incident to us, was about undertaking this reptile mode of locomotion, one day, when suddenly he noticed a fisherman "on the brook," violently engaged in swinging his line, to which something hung that delighted him very much. Now and then he would allow the object to be poised in the air, while he could take a cool look at it. It was after an examination of this kind that he became sensible of our friend's approach, and hailed him vociferously. L. went to him.

"See here, sir," cried the individual whom L. esteemed at a glance to be a verdant stripling of the most unmistakable emerald hue: "See what a fish I've got!" and he held out his victim.

"A queer fish it is too," was our friend's remark.

"Never saw the like of it before," exclaimed the unsophisticated Piscator—"how compact its scales are put together!"

"Yes," L. replied; "it would be a hard matter to make it shell out."

"Well, it took the hook deuced quietly—never felt the nibble," continued the strange youth.

"What will you do with it?" was L.'s enquiry.

"Take it home to-be-sure, and stuff it for a curiosity," was the answer. "But," he resumed, "I must get the hook out of his jaws."

So saying the young gentleman proceeded to disengage his hook, when his prize made a snap at his fingers and bolted upon the little one.

"Murder!" yelled the youth. "How it bites! Take it off! Murder. O-o-o-oh!" L. was cruel enough to laugh heartily, while the sufferer was writhing with the torture inflicted upon him by his fish. But he succeeded in choking it off with the other hand, when contemplating his bleeding finger he exclaimed, more "aside" than for L.'s edification:—

"I'll bet now it's nothing but one of those things called turtles I've heard of so much!"

And so it was!—Northern Gazette, Keeseville, N. Y.

Fair Play.

A nobleman, resident at a castle in Italy, was about to celebrate his marriage feast. All the elements were propitious except the ocean, which had been so boisterous as to deny the very necessary appendage of fish. On the very morning of the feast, however, a poor fisherman made his appearance with a turbot, so large, that it seemed to have been created for the occasion. Joy pervaded the castle, and the fisherman was ushered with his prize into the saloon, where the nobleman, in the presence of his visitors, requested him to put what price he thought proper on the fish and it should be instantly paid him.

"*One hundred lashes*," said the fisherman, "*on my bare back, is the price of my fish, and I will not bate one strand of whip-cord on the bargain.*"

The nobleman and his guests were not a little astonished, but our chapman was resolute, and remonstrance was in vain. At length the nobleman exclaimed, "Well, well, the fellow is a humorist, and the fish we must have, but lay on lightly, and let the price be paid in our presence."

After fifty lashes had been administered, "Hold, hold," exclaimed the fisherman, "I have a partner in this business, and it is fitting he should receive his share."

"What, are there two such madcaps in the world?" exclaimed the nobleman; "name him, and he shall be sent for instantly."

"You need not go far for him," said the fisherman, 'you will find him at your gate, in the shape of your own porter, who would not let me in until I promised he should have the half of whatever I received for my turbot."

"Oh, oh," said the nobleman, "bring him up instantly, he shall receive his stipulated moiety with the strictest justice!"

This ceremony being finished, he discharged the porter, and amply rewarded the fisherman.

The New York Clipper.

A WEEKLY SPORTING PAPER,

DEVOTED TO

THE RING, THE TURF, YACHTING, PEDESTRIANISM, CRICKET ROWING MATCHES, THEATRICALS, MUSIC,

And the various sports of the OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

THE CLIPPER is published every Thursday morning, and is for sale by the news dealers in New York, Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, Jersey City, &c., at the low price of 3 cents per copy.

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Communications on business should be addressed to the proprietor, and those for the editorial department to the editor. Either of our Wholesale Agents will receive and deliver into our hands all communications addressed to us. Correspondence from other cities, towns, &c., will meet with proper attention.

Sporting Items are solicited from all quarters.

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If you are unfortunate, and want to be cured and left in sound health, come to me; I am saving hundreds monthly. My father's reputation and my wonderful success will satisfy any person there is no humbug about this. Those that doubt, let them come and see for themselves, and if I don't do all I say I can, I will make them a present of $25 to go where they think they can do better. I use nothing that is injurious to the system; but use medicines that will strengthen a person, and leave them in sound health in the shortest possible time.

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Sole Agent for "Klein's Patent Primers and Cartridges for Patent Needle Gun.

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All of which are offered at very low prices The public are invited to call and see for themselves.

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and in fact any disease of

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As a healing and soothing balm for Burns, Cuts and Bruises, which so frequently result from the accidents of every-day life, it has no equal.

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